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MINNEAPOLIS

MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE:

Minneapolis, the Greatest Milling,
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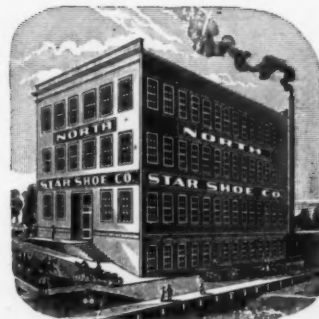
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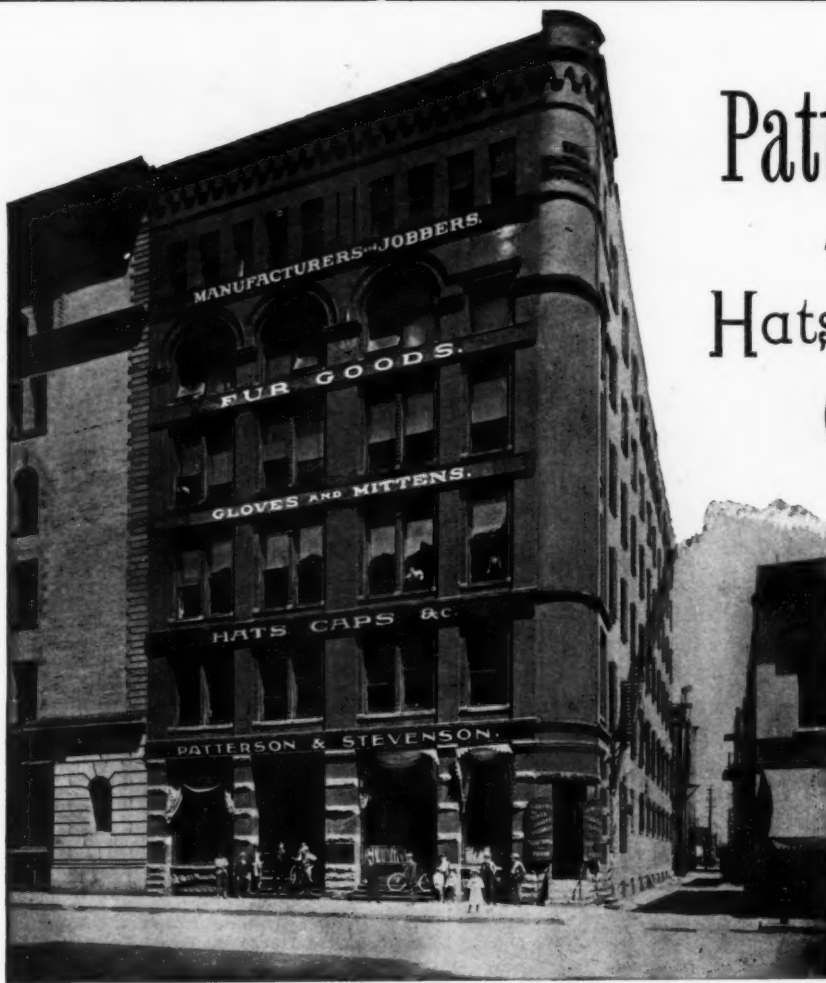
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537

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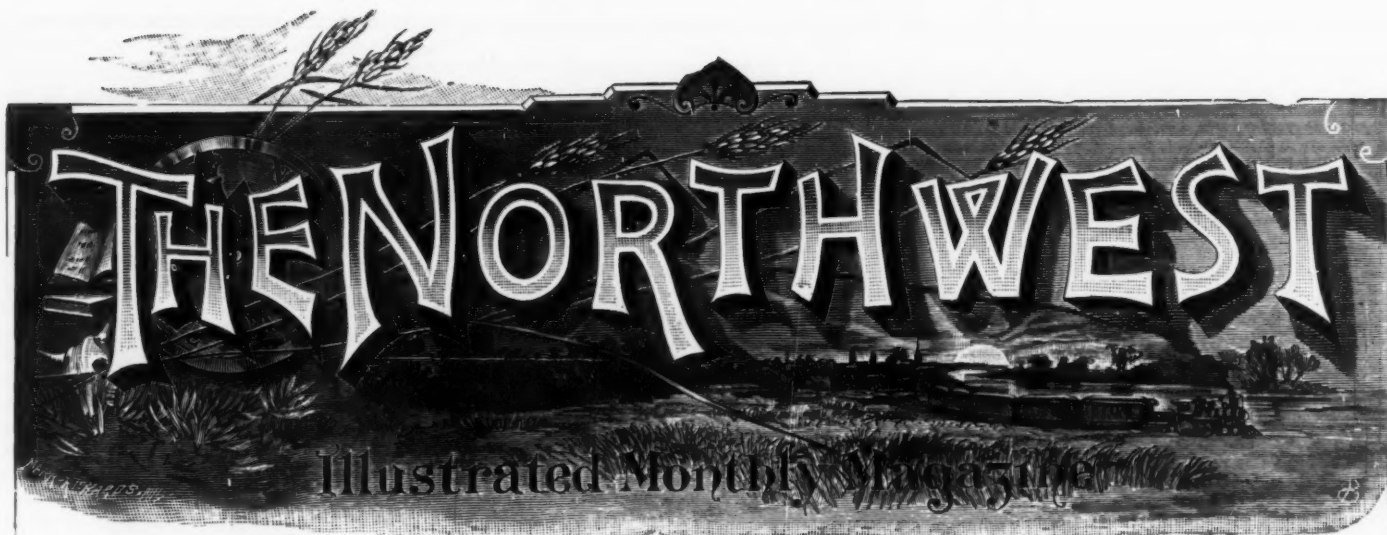
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VOL. XVII.—No. 9.

ST. PAUL, SEPTEMBER, 1899.

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\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

MINNEAPOLIS, THE GREATEST MILLING, LUMBERING AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT CENTER IN THE WORLD.

By Austin L. Halstead.

It is not so very long ago that a few men might have been found in Minneapolis who were pessimistic enough to think that the city had reached the limits of its growth. They compared it with Toledo, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and with a number of other solid but stationary cities, and argued that henceforth it must plod along with no great increase in either population or business. Those pessimists lived in the past, however; for not a man of that ilk can be found in the Flour City today. They have either ceased to be, or they have been converted to a new line of thought. The position taken by them was not tenable. The panic years retarded growth and resulted in inactivity, it is true, but this condition was not peculiar to Minneapolis, nor was it due to sectional drawbacks and influences. No city in the Union recovered from the hard-times period more promptly, and none has made more rapid strides since. In the first six months of 1898, 1,533 building permits were issued, calling for an expenditure of \$1,231,275; in a corresponding period for 1899, the building permits numbered 1,721, valued at \$1,512,231; and, although these figures were furnished us by the secretary of the Minneapolis Board of Trade, there is reason to believe that those given for the current year are far below the actual cost of projected improvements. Add to this the vast amount of money expended for new pavements and in many other public enterprises, and the sum total evidences prosperity of a very robust nature. A pleasing feature of this new growth is its even distribution, it being very equally divided between the residence districts and the downtown or business districts. Cozy homes and costly mansions have kept even pace with huge business blocks, big mills, and aggressive factories.

It must be evident to our readers that this local development could not take place in a city that had attained its full growth. Hundreds of new houses are not built unless there are people to occupy them, and new stores and factories are not opened unless growth of population and business invites them.

It is easy to recall the time when two raw villages stood on either side of the Falls of St. An-

thony—when the first little saw-mill was put in operation, and when the first straggling outlines of streets and thoroughfares appeared to mark the dividing line between civilization and savagery. From that small beginning has grown the magnificent city of today, the admiration of all who visit it—the product of a harnessed waterfall and of an unrivaled location. One cannot say too much for Minneapolis. In 1880 it had a population of 42,000; in 1899 it claims a population of 220,000 to 225,000—a population so large that its natural increase may hereafter be depended on to make the city one of large magnitude. If we wished to thresh old straw, we would remark in passing that the

Flour City owes its present grandeur chiefly to its New England blood—to men who came from the older States in the early history of the city, and who knew the advantage of water power, the value of mills and factories, and how to create wealth from nature's raw materials. They looked upon Minnesota's boundless forests, and began to think of saw-mills; they viewed the rich soils of what are now the greatest wheat States in the country, and at once projected those monster mills which have made Minneapolis the first flour-manufacturing point in the world. With Congressional assistance they set about improving and developing the falls of the Mississippi; then they began the erection of flour-mills and associated factories; and a little later came the big plants which have since converted billions of feet of North Star timber into merchantable lath, lumber, shingles, and other building material. This, the greatest period of growth in the history of the city, marked the ten years beginning with 1880, at which time so many railway systems



THE NEW CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL UNION DEPOT, MINNEAPOLIS.



GENERAL ELECTRIC POWER DAM THAT FURNISHES POWER TO OPERATE THE TWIN CITY STREET-RAILWAY SYSTEMS AND THE MINNEAPOLIS ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.

were built into and extended throughout the Northwest, even to the Pacific Coast.

During all this time the marked advances made in every line of business resulted from wide-spread necessity and not from that overbuilding which has characterized so many places where vaulting ambition has overleaped natural demand. Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Dakotas, and Northwestern Iowa were filling

up with new population as never before or since. There were thousands of homes to build and barns to erect, and in those homes and on these farms were many thousand mouths to feed—the one calling for flour and other foodstuff, the other for lumber and all kinds of building material. Thus Minneapolis became a great supply point. Noticing this, it was not long before all the leading manufacturers of agri-

cultural machinery and implements began to establish strong depots and agencies in the city, and until recently Minneapolis has for years ranked as the second largest distributing center of such goods in the United States. We say until recently, for the reason that Kansas City held first place until 1899. This year, however, the Flour City has distanced its Missouri sister, and now stands at the head of the list.

In three respects, then, Minneapolis is unequaled:

First, it is the greatest flour-manufacturing city in the world.

Second, it is the largest lumber-making city in the world.

Third, it leads all other cities in the world as a distributing depot for every description of farm machinery, from windmills to sulky plows and steam threshers.

With railways, mills, factories, and population has come wealth, and as much of this wealth has been created by men who came from the Eastern and the New England States, it follows that associated with it is a healthful leavening of true culture and refinement. Municipal foresight and enterprise are seen in the broad, well-paved streets and avenues, in the admirable systems which regulate the sanitary conditions of the city—the sewerage and the water-supply problems, etc., etc. There are 789 miles of streets, 550 miles of sidewalk, 142 miles of sewers, and 100 miles of excellent street paving. No city of its size is better supplied with modern hospitals, telephone companies, electric



RAILWAY TRACKAGE AND GRAIN ELEVATORS IN SOUTHEAST MINNEAPOLIS.

On the left are elevators owned by E. S. Woodworth & Co., capacity 175,000 and 125,000 bushels; in the distance, right center, are elevators owned by St. Anthony Elevator Co., capacity 1,500,000 and 300,000 bushels.

light and gas facilities, well conducted charitable organizations, rapid transit advantages, and all those conveniences which stamp progressive cities at the close of the 19th century. Culture is evidenced in the city's beautiful parks, its lovely boulevards, its superb public library building, the attention paid to art and literature, the numerous costly and well-maintained church edifices, the public schools and other educational institutions, and in hundreds of elegant residences and scores of stately business blocks. Drive where one will in Minneapolis, one looks out upon a charming picture. It is a great park. Welcome shade-trees are everywhere. Private homes are very generally noted for their beauty and cleanliness, and in many residence districts greed has not established a bar to well-kept grounds of lordly dimensions. In a word, Minneapolis is just what its beautiful name leads one to expect—lovely as a bride, though vigorous as an athlete.

WHERE RAILWAYS MEET.

All the railroads that traverse the Northwest, and all the lines that run from Northwestern States eastward and southward, meet at Minneapolis and assist in making it one of the greatest distributing centers of trade in the Union. The transcontinental lines run their stately trains across the plains and mountains to far-off Puget Sound; the "Soo" system bears its cars from the Flour City to Manitoba and distant Vancouver, B. C., via the Canadian Pacific route, and there are half a dozen competing lines between Minneapolis and Chicago, three to Kansas City, two to St. Louis, three to the Lake Superior country, and two to various points in Canadian territory. These great systems, aided by their numerous feeders, which branch out in every direction and tap the richest portions of the vast Northwest, find a common center in the Mill City and make it, perforce, a very important commercial mart. They

come to Minneapolis and run from Minneapolis—a network of rails reaching to every part of the United States. Over them are brought the millions of bushels of wheat from Minnesota and the Dakotas to supply the ever-hungry flour-mills of the city; over them are carried the millions of feet of lumber sawed out of Northern logs by Minneapolis saw-mills, the furniture made in local furniture factories, the boots and shoes that are manufactured in the Flour City, and the millions of dollars' worth of dry-goods, groceries, etc., sold every year by the huge jobbing houses there.

At the three depots—the Union Depot, the Chicago Great Western Depot, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Depot, which is also

used by several other systems—one sees passenger trains rolling into and pulling out of the stations constantly. Nearly two hundred regular trains enter and leave these depots every twenty-four hours. The buildings are commodious and well-cared for, the Milwaukee's, which was erected recently, being modern in all its appointments, though of somewhat smaller dimensions than the older Union Depot, which is owned and controlled by a corporation. All are conveniently located. The principal hotels are within short distance, the retail and jobbing districts are near at hand, and waiting street-cars will carry one to any part of the city in a few minutes. If any criticism be made on these depot facilities, it is that, large



IN THE MINNEAPOLIS SAW-MILL DISTRICT ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



THE GREAT FLOUR-MILLING DISTRICT, MINNEAPOLIS, AS SEEN FROM THE COURT-HOUSE TOWER.

as they are, they are not large enough to accommodate the passenger traffic of a city of two hundred twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Minneapolis is entitled to a Union Depot that shall be a "Union" Depot in fact—one that shall be patronized by all roads running into the city, and that shall be wholly in keeping with the commercial importance of so populous and so beautiful a place.

JOBING, WHOLESALING AND MANUFACTURING.

A year ago, when speaking of Minneapolis, we said that there is no large center of population that does not draw its chief sustenance from its producing, or its manufacturing, capacity, and that no city in our own country furnishes a better illustration of this than the

and shoes, confectionery, cigars, agricultural implements, etc. Some of these houses are of great magnitude, doing an annual business which runs into the millions. They carry immense stocks, keep a large force of salesmen on the road, and cover a territory which extends from Wisconsin and Iowa to the Pacific Coast. The volume of trade has been heavy all through the year. Country buyers no longer pass the Twin Cities to go to Eastern markets; they find as good stocks, at low prices, and much more advantageous treatment right at home—among men who know the needs of Northwestern dealers and consumers, and who have every reason to extend practical help and encouragement to them. These Minneapolis wholesalers

quantities that Minneapolis has become noted as one of the greatest commission points in the Union. The growing population of the Northwestern States, the wealth that is being acquired therein with age and development, the unsurpassed distributing facilities and the more and more favorable shipping tariffs which obtain from year to year, will all help to maintain and to increase the Flour City's prestige as a wholesale market.

In the foregoing mention naught is said of those enormous jobbing interests represented by the flour and lumber and other industries, for the reason that, although their products are nearly all wholesaled, they belong more strictly under the head of manufacturing. The



A PICTURED STORY OF A SCENE ON THE FLOOR OF THE MINNEAPOLIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

city in question. Minneapolis never would have risen to its present eminence had it not been for the genius and energy which utilized the great natural power supplied by the falls of the Mississippi. That started the flour-milling industry, led to the manufacture of lumber, drew increased and ever increasing population, multiplied business and industrial enterprises of every description, until the town became a city, and the city became noted the world over.

As a jobbing and wholesale market, Minneapolis has been prominent many years. It has strong houses in all lines of business, especially in dry-goods, groceries, hardware, rubber goods, furnishing-goods, harness and saddlery, boots

have invested millions of dollars in vast warehouses and big stocks, and their enterprise is proverbial. They can't be undersold, they won't be outdone, and they therefore have a firm hold on their full share of Northwestern trade. Competitors never try to drive them out of an old field, and it is useless to seek to keep them out of new territory—if it be worth entering. It is this spirit that has made Minneapolis what it is today, and it is this spirit that will enable it to always stand in the front rank of great jobbing centers. You will find it in the dry-goods and grocery houses, and you will be immersed in it the moment you enter the bustling wholesale commission district, where all kinds of fruit and produce are handled in such enormous

volume of business transacted annually by the mercantile jobbing houses, large as it is, is greatly exceeded by the gigantic total in manufacturing lines. The following figures, taken from a recent statement in the *Northwestern Miller*, shows the flour output of the twenty-one mills operated for the crop years 1895-96, 1896-97, 1897-98, and 1898-99:

FLOUR OUTPUT BY CROP YEARS.

	1895-96	1896-97	1897-98	1898-99
	bbls.	bbls.	bbls.	bbls.
September.....	1,282,540	1,304,290	1,180,260	1,050,630
October.....	1,717,455	1,325,615	1,455,325	1,262,595
November.....	1,535,610	1,390,635	1,342,330	1,242,860
December.....	1,572,305	1,174,985	1,025,545	1,158,595
January.....	1,237,160	1,003,600	798,590	1,108,060
February.....	955,070	1,078,855	836,160	908,240
March.....	1,100,005	1,124,220	1,086,895	922,500



Great Northern Union Depot.

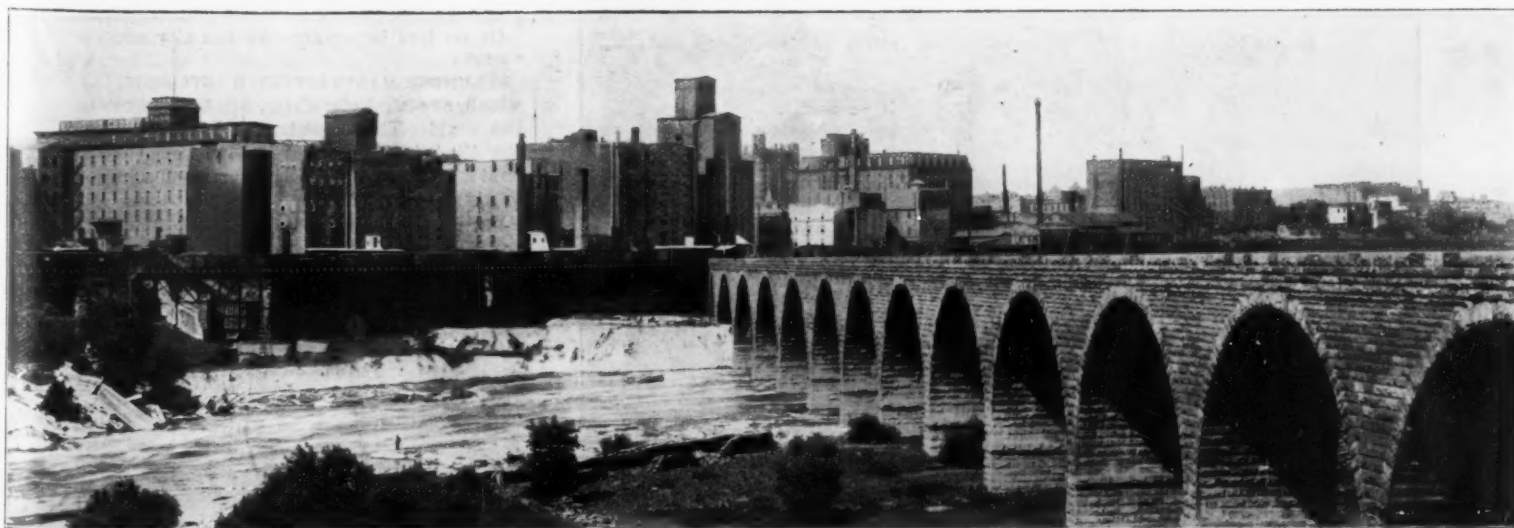
Hennepin Avenue Bridge.

East Minneapolis.

A SIDE VIEW OF THE MIGHTY POWER FURNISHED BY THE FALLS OF ST ANTHONY IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT MINNEAPOLIS.



LOOKING AT SOME OF THE GREAT BUILDINGS IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF THE FLOUR CITY, FROM THE MASSIVE TOWER OF THE HENNEPIN COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.



The Northern Pacific and the M. & St. L. Railway Lines.

The Mills as They Are.

The G. N.'s Stone Arch Bridge over the Mississippi.

IN THE MINNEAPOLIS FLOUR-MILL DISTRICT, LOOKING FROM THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE MISSISSIPPI—A GRAND VIEW OF THE MILLS THAT TURN OUT NEARLY FIFTEEN MILLION BARRELS OF FLOUR, AND GRIND INTO BREADSTUFF SIXTY-FIVE MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT, EVERY YEAR.



SOME OF THE BUSY SCENES ON THE FLOUR CITY'S COMMISSION ROW.



THE CITY MARKET ON COMMISSION ROW.



A GLIMPSE OF THE WHOLESALE DISTRICT ON FIRST AVENUE SOUTH.

April.....	1,068,530	922,340	1,139,890	985,875
May.....	1,182,385	1,337,635	1,125,375	798,870
June.....	1,005,765	560,025	1,159,120	967,945
10 months.....	12,742,425	11,201,170	11,194,480	10,396,270
July.....		896,790	1,002,620	1,037,160
August.....		1,201,220	1,186,060	1,143,690
2 months.....		2,098,010	2,278,682	2,180,850
Years, bbls.....		13,299,180	13,473,160	12,577,120

As the crop year ends with the month of August, the output for July and August of the current year is not given; but a glance at the table will show that the output for the first ten months of the year exceeded that of 1897-98 by 1,546,255 barrels. If to this be added even the smallest July and August output, as given in the table for 1897-98, the total production for 1898-99 will not fall short of 14,845,435 barrels, or 1,372,275 barrels more than the output of the preceding crop year. This is far below the actual capacity of the mills,—which is 61,083 barrels per day, or 19,118,979 barrels per annum,—but it will serve to justify the city's claim to the proud distinction of being the greatest flour-manufacturing point on earth.

Of the 14,845,435 barrels made from September, 1898 to August, 1899, inclusive, 4,463,490 barrels—including an estimated number for the months of July and August—were exported. That is to say, nearly one-third of the total output went to feed the peoples of other countries. As the total exports of flour from the United States rarely exceed 15,885,836 barrels per annum, it will be seen that the Minneapolis mills furnish nearly one-third of the entire export product.

To keep these mills grinding the year round requires the services of 1996 employees, and the enormous quantity of 65,000,000 bushels of wheat, which is stored in thirty-seven elevators of a total capacity of 30,000,000 bushels. Of the grand total of nearly 90,000,000 bushels of all kinds of grain received at this point last year, about 72,000,000 bushels was wheat, the surplus portion of which was shipped to other markets. The occasionally-seen statement that interior cities cannot become grain markets of first magnitude certainly runs upon a snag when it strikes Minneapolis—the largest primary grain market in the Union. Year by year the milling and the grain-receiving business gain in volume. In a few months another large mill, now nearing completion, will add its output to the grand total, and if good times continue we shall not be surprised to see the annual production of Minneapolis flour jump to the sixteen-million-barrel mark for the next crop year.

Of no less importance to the city are its various

LUMBER MANUFACTURING INTERESTS, which, as stated elsewhere, are the largest in the world. The following table, taken from the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, gives the annual lumber cut of the Minneapolis mills since 1869, the figures indicating feet.

1870.....	118,233,113	1885.....	313,998,166
1871.....	117,557,028	1886.....	262,636,019
1872.....	167,918,814	1887.....	220,822,972
1873.....	189,909,782	1888.....	337,663,301
1874.....	191,305,679	1889.....	275,855,648
1875.....	156,665,000	1890.....	343,573,762
1876.....	200,371,377	1891.....	447,713,252
1877.....	129,076,000	1892.....	488,724,624
1878.....	130,274,076	1893.....	409,000,000
1879.....	149,745,547	1894.....	491,256,000
1880.....	195,452,182	1895.....	479,102,000
1881.....	234,254,071	1896.....	307,179,000
1882.....	314,363,168	1897.....	460,348,272
1883.....	272,793,222	1898.....	469,701,000
1884.....	300,724,373		

Total for twenty-nine years.....8,176,226,451

The largest cut in any one year was in 1894, when the output reached the enormous total of 491,256,000 feet, the average annual cut, since 1891, being about 447,713,252 feet. How long this consumption of Minnesota pine will con-



THE NEW HENNEPIN COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AND THE CITY HALL.

tinue is difficult to tell, but it is safe to say that many years will pass before these great lumber mills shall lose their occupation.

During 1898 some 86,820,000 feet of lumber was received from outside markets for use in local woodworking factories, and 345,435,000 feet of lumber was shipped from the mills to other wholesale and retail points throughout the Western and Northwestern country. No one industry has done more to build up the city. It affords employment to 4,500 persons, and creates a great central market for the rich products of our northern forests.

OTHER MANUFACTURING LINES

are numerous and important. Very prominent are the large furniture-making concerns, which give employment to nearly 700 workmen and turn out every description of furniture known to the trade or to householders. There are a number of extensive plants, two of them being the largest of their kind in the country. In the parlor-furniture line, especially, are several factories that have no equals west of Chicago. This industry grows in magnitude yearly, and is rapidly making Minneapolis as famous for furniture as it is for flour and lumber. Crowding, if not ranking, the furniture industry, is the great plant of the Minnesota Threshing Machine Company, which employs 700 hands, and practically supports the village of West Minneapolis.

Next in point of merit are the big boot and shoe factories, in which 600 operators are employed. The clothing factories employ 1,345 persons, and scores of other factories also create a permanent demand for skilled labor. In the brewery department of manufacture 295 persons are employed. Four of these plants are under one management, the annual output of which is 160,000 barrels, the capital invested in the enterprise aggregating about \$2,000,000. The cooperage factories call for 500

employees, confectionery and cracker factories furnish work for 458 hands, and the railway shops create a steady demand for nearly 2,000 men. Eight hundred and eighty factory establishments of all kinds employ a total of 28,871 persons, 3,613 of whom are employed by mercantile concerns. The new beet-sugar plant, steel rolling-mills, and other industrial works that are now projected, all help to keep

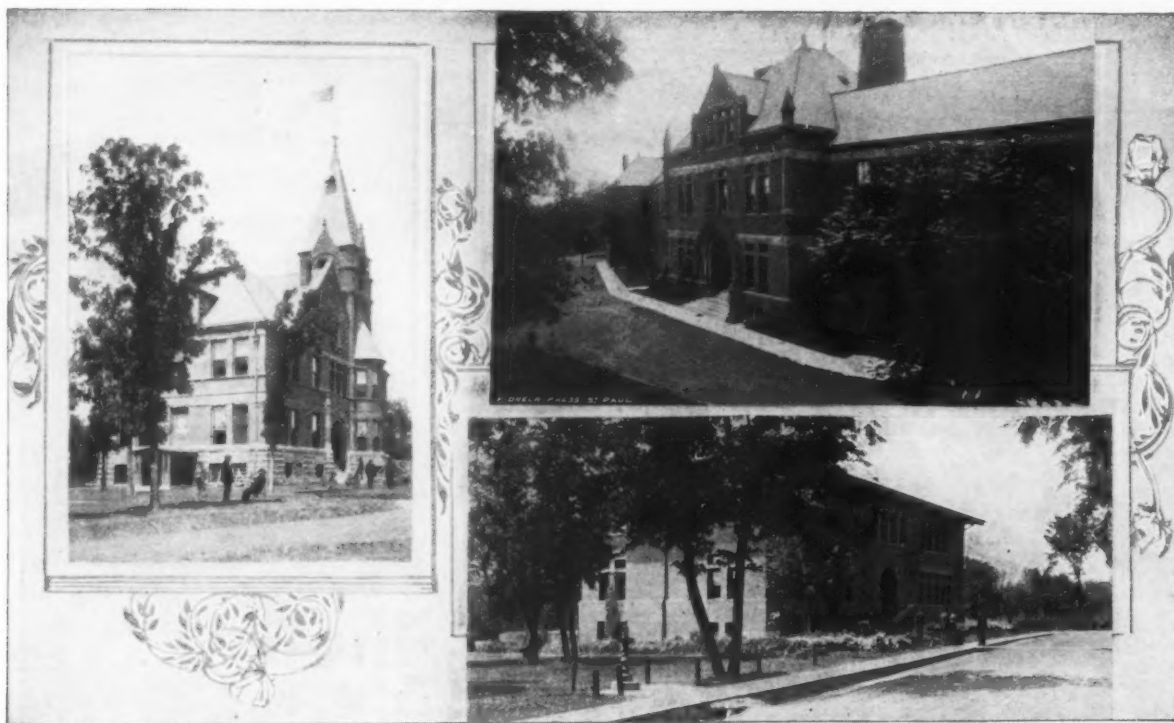
Minneapolis well to the front as a great manufacturing center.

ATTRACTIVE RETAIL DISTRICTS.

The beauty of Minneapolis in a residence way is only enhanced by the brilliancy of its down-town retail districts. Nicollet Avenue is the main thoroughfare, but large and elegant establishments are found on Hennepin Avenue and on all the cross streets between



LOOKING WEST ON HENNEPIN AVENUE FROM WASHINGTON AVENUE, TEMPLE COURT BUILDING ON THE RIGHT.



Administration Building.

Hospital.
Domestic Building.

MINNESOTA SOLDIERS' HOME, MINNEHAHA FALLS.

Washington Avenue and Seventh and Eighth streets. The broad streets, clean asphalt pavements, well-built blocks and long rows of polished plate-glass show-windows, filled with tastefully displayed merchandise, are sights which delight the eye and appeal to the senses. One cannot help admitting that Minneapolis is winsome. It is full of life; you see it on the avenues, in the handsome stores, and it shows in every passing car and enameled carriage. In the jewelry windows are gems and treasures fit to vie with Tiffany in New York; in the huge dry-goods establishments are immense stocks of rich fabrics from every part of the world; wher-

ever you look, be it in art, furniture, crockery, or in boot and shoe stores, fine goods are displayed. Some of these houses employ hundreds of clerks, and nearly every house visited has an air of elegance and good taste about it. There are scores of restaurants—many of them superb. Business men and women patronize these parlors extensively, especially at the noon hour. They are good liveries, and they give liberal support to everything that caters to their comfort and enjoyment. When they work, they work hard and fast; when they go out for recreation, they do not miss a single thing that can rob mind of dull care or add one ounce of

vitality to their alert bodies. And there are few failures among these retail merchants of the Flour City. They are a solid lot of business men and women, who plan well and carry out carefully. We would not call them conservative; rather would we name them active—superlatively aggressive, even as they are generous and hospitable.

IN FINANCIAL CIRCLES.

Back of all the vast interests mentioned in this article are the Minneapolis banking-houses. There are eight national and five other banks, the combined capital of which, including surplusage, amounts to \$6,680,430. At the close of business June 30, 1899, there was on deposit in these banks, including time and demand certificates of deposit, the enormous sum of \$24,743,349. Other financial institutions that might well be named in the same list with banks, would doubtless swell the figures given to \$28,000,000, but the total is large enough as it stands now. On the same date the loans and discounts made by these banks aggregated \$20,339,449, and the cash on hand represented the handsome total of \$10,631,341.

The rapid increase of deposits and loans are regarded by all the local bankers as practical evidences of new prosperity in all business circles. It is not confined to mercantile pursuits, since banking capital is now drawn largely from farmers and stockmen, whose improved condition is shown in lifted mortgages and cash deposits. A pleasing feature of present banking conditions in the West is the fact that there is little or no demand for Eastern money. Hitherto it has been necessary to draw upon Eastern financial circles for money to move the annual grain crops of the Northwest, but this year there is practically no need of such assistance. The crowded cash vaults of country banks, the very satisfactory condition of jobbing, industrial and retail interests, and the consequent moderate demand for commercial loans, bring to and leave with banking-houses generally vast sums of money which are amply sufficient to meet all demands during the brief



JUST BEFORE A RACE AT THE CLUB-HOUSE ON LAKE MINNETONKA.



LOOKING NORTH ON NICOLLET AND HENNEPIN AVENUES, FROM BRIDGE SQUARE, MINNEAPOLIS.

crop period. These unprecedented accumulations are due mainly to good crops, good prices, and to universally good times. There are no vacant houses now. Rents have advanced, labor is employed, profit is made in every line of industry, and the surplusage goes into the banks.

The banks have been in the anomalous position of having more money than they knew what to do with. Mercantile collections have been so prompt that jobbers and manufacturers did not need to make big loans, retailers found trade so good and cash so plentiful that they required few accommodations, and farm communities had money of their own to loan. This order of things is now undergoing a change. Bankers will tell you that activity is greater in all industrial lines, and that many new enterprises are now being set on foot. Old factories and workshops have reopened or have enlarged their facilities, and the air is rife with new movement. Money is cheap, the demand for investment grows stronger, and it is easy to see that the enforced economy of years has really served to place the entire Northwest on its financial feet.

RAPID TRANSIT FACILITIES.

A recognized factor in the prosperity of the Mill City is the Minneapolis Street Railway Company, which operates 120 miles of trackage and between five hundred and six hundred electrically-propelled cars. We do not know how many separate lines there are, but they run to every part of the city and its numerous suburbs, and the service is eminently satisfactory. In the summer season open cars are run, but in the winter months closed cars are used, in which coal fires are kept constantly. To maintain this great system requires the services of 982 employees, many of whom must be skilled men.

The Minneapolis Street Railway Company is owned and controlled by the Twin City Rapid Transit Company—which also owns and controls the St. Paul City Railway Company. Two interurban lines are operated between Minne-

apolis and its sister city, and the entire system is beyond doubt the finest and most complete in the whole country. Rich and poor patronize it night and day. A ride to Lake Calhoun—to Lake Harriet—to Loring Park—to Minnehaha Falls—to any one of a score or more of beautiful resorts, is a pleasure to be remembered. Between Minneapolis and St. Paul the fare is ten cents, including transfers at either end of the lines; but on all other branches of the system the fare is five cents.

PUBLIC PARKS AND RESORTS.

Nature was in a kindly mood when she fashioned the landscape in and about Minneapolis.

The entire State is dotted with natural parks and lovely lakes, but no portion of it has been blessed more generously than that immediately contiguous to the Mill City. Evidence of this is found in the fact that the throngs of people that come here every summer do not make their visit because of the city, splendid though it be, but because of its noted resorts and romantic environments. Cities abound everywhere, but one has to travel far to find the delights of a Minnetonka, the gentle beauty of storied Minnehaha, the historic interest of old Ft. Snelling, the loveliness of Loring Park, or the gleaming splendor of lakes Calhoun and



A CHARMING VIEW FROM THE NEW MIKHADA CLUB-HOUSE, MINNEAPOLIS.



BEAUTIFUL DRIVEWAY IN MINNEHAHA PARK, IN THE VICINITY OF THE FALLS.

Harriet. To visit Minneapolis and to go to these mirrors of nature is to become an exclamation point—so sure is one to admire, and still to admire, the panoramic exhibit of grove and forest, of parks and lakes, of glens and waterfalls, and of the majestic stream that sweeps downward from Itaska to the Gulf of Mexico. No one wearies of these scenes. They cluster about the city like pearls about a diamond, and they are settings that never fade, never tarnish, never go out of style.

The most famous resort is, of course, Lake Minnetonka, ten miles or so distant. Its shore lines are about three hundred miles long, so irregular are they, winding in and out like the scallops on a piece of embroidery. At various points of vantage are large summer hotels, to which come recreation-seekers from St. Louis, from New Orleans, from the East, and from all parts of the country. All about the lake are cozy cottages and elegant villas, their well-kept lawns forming an emerald background to the lighter waters. Here are fleets of yachts, their white sails constituting a very picturesque spectacle as they race before the wind; there is a squadron of rowboats—lazily drifting behind some tiny island, or slowly bearing the occupants to some favorite fishing-ground; yonder—more stately, yet graceful as swans, are seen pretty little floating palaces—the lake steamers, with picnickers bound for some chosen retreat, or with excursionists who wish to see Crane Island, the Hermitage, and other points of interest upon the lake. Thousands of persons visit Minnetonka every season. It lures them, holds them, and so it is that they return to it again and again.

There are forty-eight parks within the city limits, their total area being 1,552 acres. Of these, Loring Park is most beautiful and perhaps the most popular. It contains thirty-six acres, and lies nearly in the city's center. Naught can exceed the beauty of its quiet waters, leafy nooks, pretty islets, and shady walks. From this point Kenwood Parkway, 150 feet wide, leads for a distance of one and three-quarter miles to Lake of the Isles, a lovely sheet of water dotted with islands and surrounded by a parkway. At the farther side of this parkway is a short drive which connects with Lake Cal-

houn Terrace—a parkway extending along the lake shore for one and a third miles. Leaving Lake Calhoun, the drive continues by a forest road through Interlachen, and emerges upon beautiful Lake Harriet, where one always wishes to abide awhile. To our own mind, and seemingly, at least, in the opinion of the general public, Lake Harriet is the most charming resort in all the Minneapolis neighborhood. Loring is a cultivated park, artistically beautiful, and set in a costly frame; but Harriet—larger, more natural, surrounded by native woodlands and mated with stately Calhoun, is, in comparison, what a sublime mountain is to a gentle, grassy slope or a rich-man's garden. In the summer season it is visited by countless thousands of men, women and children who

long for cooling waters and the shade of trees which stand just where nature planted them. The pavilion is probably the largest, handsomest and best modeled pavilion in the West. Famous bands of music hold forth there, and refreshments are served while you wait. On the lake shore back of the pavilion hundreds of seats are so arranged that a splendid view is given, of the broad waters, the tiny craft upon it, and of the noble driveway which surrounds the lake—three and a half miles in circumference.

All these parks and lakes, it must be stated, are connected by a broad and splendidly kept boulevard. It is known as Boulevard Park, and encircles, as we have shown, Lake of the Isles, Lake Calhoun, Lake Harriet, and then



THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA, WHERE "LAUGHING WATERS" GREET THE EAR.

runs a distance of five miles and over to Minnehaha Creek—to a spot rendered forever interesting by Longfellow,

"Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Laugh and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

Here the city owns 123 acres of park land, part of which is used as a deer paddock, the remainder being open to the public and utilized for picnic and outing purposes.

In the northern part of the city is Fairview Park, a wooded knoll of twenty acres which has a loveliness all its own; on the west bank of the Mississippi, some distance below the Falls, is Riverside Park, with an area of twenty acres; in the western part of the city is Elmwood Park with seventy acres, and in the northeast section are the 170 acres of Columbia Park, full of natural attractions, but still awaiting a more perfect development. Of course, there are many pretty smaller parks and triangles all through the residence districts, which help to lend charm and diversity to the intersecting streets and avenues. Alive to its own interests as well as to public convenience, the street-railway company gives an exceptionally good service to all the parks and to Minnehaha Falls. Between Harriet and St. Paul, is a perfectly-equipped line called the "Como-Interurban-Harriet," on which large cars are



THE LOVELY DRIVEWAY AND BICYCLE PATH WHICH BORDER LAKE HARRIET.

run at high speed, giving the citizens of either city a chance to exchange civilities, Minneap-
olitans drinking in the loveliness of St. Paul's

Como Park, and St. Paulites enjoying the beautiful scenic features of Harriet and Calhoun.

NOTABLE HOTELS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

As one enters Minneapolis on the interurban cars, the first notable building passed is the old Nicollet Hotel, a large, white structure which fronts on Washington Avenue and covers all the ground between Nicollet and Hennepin. It is the oldest hotel of consequence in the city, and it is as popular today as it was twenty-five years ago. The Nicollet has had a long and successful existence. Always in good hands, always well-furnished and maintaining first-class service, it seems to become more and more of a favorite as it grows in years.

The same car carries one to the magnificent pile known as the West Hotel, farther up Hennepin Avenue. This is probably the finest hotel west of Chicago. It is very large, very ornate, and is noted for its elegant accommodations and able management. There are many other good houses in the city, but the Nicollet and the West are the leading ones, and merit special mention by reason of their prominence as public resorts.

A structure of monumental character and colossal dimensions is the new Hennepin County court-house and city hall. It is constructed of granite, occupies one entire block, and will represent, when completed, an outlay of several millions of dollars. Another notable building, well worth visiting, is the elegant brown stone public library building, wherein is housed a collection of 106,000 books—unquestionably the best library in the West. This grand institution is supported by public taxation.

Among business structures, those that are most prominent in the public eye are the Guaranty Loan Building, the Lumber Exchange, the Boston Block, the New York Life Building, and the Masonic Temple. The business thoroughfares are lined with many other fine structures, however, a number of which are of large dimensions and great architectural beauty. Some of these are in the wholesale districts—notably the fine buildings occupied by Wyman, Partridge & Company, the North Star Shoe Company, and Geo. R. Newell & Company. There is the old Exposition Building,



UPPER MISSISSIPPI RIVER, AS SEEN FROM MINNEAPOLIS.

too, in which was held the National Republican Convention that nominated former President Harrison.

IN CHURCH AND EDUCATIONAL LINES, Minneapolis is especially strong. Among the 175 houses of worship are many beautiful examples of church architecture. Some of the buildings, constructed of brown stone and granite, are so notably large and imposing that it is difficult to find their equals in any other city.



HOME OF THE MINNEAPOLIS CLUB.



GUARANTY LOAN BUILDING, THE PRIDE OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Without and within, even to the great organs, the acoustic properties, and the general furnishings and decorations, the churches of Minneapolis claim and receive universal admiration.

Nor does the Flour City fail to rank high as an educational center. It has fifty-five graded school-buildings and four high schools, the total giving employment to 760 teachers. Then

it has Stanley Hall, an exceptionally good school for young ladies, which prepares for Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar; the Minneapolis Conservatory of Music, which holds high rank among all similar institutions in the land; and such sterling practical schools as the Curtiss Commercial College, the Minneapolis School of Business, etc.

Of greater importance than these, though, is the Minnesota State University, the classic buildings of which are located on the east side of the river. The many structures are grouped about the campus—where good air, fine views, and ambitious dreaming can be indulged at one and the same time. Year by year this university grows famous. No other great institution of learning in the United States, Yale and Cornell excepted, has an attendance of 2,500 students. It embraces schools

of law, medicine, agriculture, and mining as well as the usual college courses, and it is liberally endowed with the proceeds of a grant of land from the General Government.

With an excellent library, unsurpassed scientific apparatus, and a large and able corps of professors, the university is splendidly equipped for the grand work which lies before it. One's pen cannot write too eloquently of the homes these people dwell in. In the first place, those who laid out the town originally, had an eye to the future and made the streets and avenues so wide and regular that the general effect is pleasing. It is not difficult for a stranger to find his way therein. On the site proper are no great hills, no moist or unwholesome depressions; it is fairly level—with here and there a gentle rise, and with sufficient grade and elevation to constitute good natural drainage and to keep the soil free from stagnant waters.

In the majority of large cities there is usually some one district that is distinctly famous for its fine residences. This is not true of Minneapolis, however. Here the slightly homes are more evenly distributed. Go in almost any direction, and you will find princely dwellings. There are noble mansions between the West Hotel and Lake Harriet, and there are equally fine houses and grounds in other sections of the city. A distinguishing feature of these homes are their uniform neatness and beauty. Thousands of them have cost \$5,000 to \$8,000 or \$10,000 each, with surroundings to match, and, though varying in architectural detail, they are so nearly of a size, and so generally handsome, that one wonders if some single mind did not order their construction. They are well-kept premises, too. One sees few weather-stained houses, few tumble-down fences and ill-kept yards. Pretty lawns are the rule—and lovely driveways. Many of the streets and ave-



ONE OF THE FINE LARGE CARS ON THE INTERURBAN STREET-RAILWAY LINES.

nues are parked, and nearly all of them are lined with shade-trees. Indeed, Minneapolis is a vast grove. Outside the business districts one is always in the shade—and always on good sidewalks. You pass costly churches, great school-buildings, fine hospitals, big apartment-houses, stylish blocks of flats, and every now and then one of the city's attractive parks comes into view.

A LOOK AT MINNEAPOLIS HOMES.

Another point which observant eyes grasp quickly is the fact that the city has ample room for future growth. No matter how rapid its development may be, there need be no pinching of the ground upon which the new homes will be erected. Between Minneapolis and St. Paul, between the new court-house and Minnetonka, and from the old city hall to Lake Calhoun and the Falls of Minnehaha, is space in which the million inhabitants of the Flour City's future can find ample elbow room for busy factories and sheltering roofs. Realty values are not exorbitant, and the splendid system of electric railway service to all the surrounding suburbs solves the problem of population distribution now and forever.

fr



A SCENE AT FERNDALE, ONE OF THE LOVELY LOCALITIES ON LAKE MINNETONKA—IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOMES OF FRANK B. SEMPLE AND EDMUND J. PHELPS.

From a contemplation of progress as evidenced in the homes, workshops, stores, warehouses, and public improvements of the Minneapolis of today, it is but natural that one should turn to a brief consideration of what may be termed the city's

REASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

In times past a number of Eastern cities received their greatest growth from the settlement and building up of the Northwest. Those were days when this section of country was dependent on distant markets for nearly all supplies. There were no Twin City jobbing houses and factories then, and millions of money went to Chicago and elsewhere to enrich men and municipalities that were not indigenous to the soil, so to speak. That is all changed now. Commonwealths are interdependent, it is true, and a great deal of money still goes from the Northwest to the East, but the major portion of it remains at home—flows into the more appreciative coffers of the sister cities which stand on the banks of the Mississippi. As the Northwest built up Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit, so it is now building up Minneapolis and St. Paul. You can no more stop the present onward march of the Flour City, with its 225,000 inhabitants, than you can stop the flow of the fifty thousand horse-power which turns the wheels of its mighty mills. Whatever its progress in the past, it will be discounted over and over again by what it shall achieve in the years to come. Out of Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, the two Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington—natural territory that cannot be wrested from her—will come that sustenance which is to make Minneapolis truly great. Add millions of acres to the soil now tilled in those States; add millions of population to their towns and townships; add to their resources thousands of creameries, millions of cattle and sheep, streams of wealth from their mines and orchards, and treasures from their forests and waters, and then seek to

estimate the power and riches and greatness that await this fair city by the Falls of St. Anthony.

MINNEAPOLIS PHOTOGRAPHY.

In all lines of art, Minneapolis ranks well among its sister cities of the West. No better evidence of this fact is needed than that furnished by the magnificent illustrations in this number of *THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE*—many of the original photographs for which were made by Edmund A. Brush of No. 11 South



IN MINNEHABA PARK.

Fifth Street. Naturally of an artistic temperament, twenty years of painstaking practical experience have enabled Mr. Brush to reach the highest round in his chosen calling. His one great specialty is outdoor work. As a general view and commercial photographer, it would be difficult to find his equal. So accurate is his knowledge, so true his eye, and so well-balanced are his artistic conceptions of time, place, and perspective, that the products of his camera are noted for their admirable fidelity to nature.

They are sharp, clear, finished. He understands elevation, grouping, and all the scientific and artistic accessories which enable him to "copy truth and improve upon it."

In photographing parks, residences, clubs, uniformed companies, or groups of any description; in taking interior views of homes, business houses, offices, workshops, factories, etc.; or in making lifelike pictures of live stock, Mr. Brush is peerless. His card says—"I CAN PHOTOGRAPH ANYTHING," and it does not exaggerate. He enlarges to any size from any plate or film, and he pays special attention to amateur developing and finishing.

"Do you do cheap work," the writer asked him, one day.

"No," he returned; "that is something I can't afford to do. I must do good work, or none at all. I always aim to produce high-class photography at reasonable prices—cheap, if you please, when one considers the quality of my work; but what is generally known as *cheap* work—anything to get your money, I never offer for sale."

And therein speaks the artist—the man whose reputation is valued above mere dollars and cents.

JOBBER OF HEAVY HARDWARE.

Among the big and enterprising establishments in the Mill City is the Minneapolis Iron Store Company, jobbers and manufacturers of heavy hardware and wagon stock. The hardware house, 88x100 feet in dimensions, and five stories and basement in height, is at the corner of Second Street and Second Avenue North; the factory is at St. Anthony Park, where bobbles, harrows, and woodstock are manufactured. Ten men are kept on the road, and the territory sold in includes Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. H. S. Gregg is president of the company, and H. W. Seager is secretary and treasurer.

A GROUP OF MINNEAPOLIS JOBBERS.

There are scores of wholesale houses in the Flour City, but only a few that we have room to make special mention of. Of first magnitude in its line is the house of Forman, Ford & Company, at 116 to 120 Washington Avenue South. As jobbers of plate-glass, mirrors, paints, and Northwestern distributors of John W. Masury & Sons' celebrated colors in oil and ready-mixed liquid paints, the firm is known from Wisconsin and Iowa to Puget Sound. It is a big house, and its immense lines of goods, together with its strong and influential connections, enable it to compete successfully with any similar house in the Union.

Then there is the large wholesale grocery house of Dunham & Eastman, at 117-121 South Second Street. They handle the famous "Princess" brand of goods—Princess rolled oats being a favorite food on thousands of Northwestern breakfast tables. The stock comprises full lines of all kinds of staple and fancy groceries, and the house is one of the largest and most enterprising in the West.

In dry-goods, groceries, hardware, glassware, paints, rubber goods, paper, furnishing-goods, fur goods, hats and caps, boots and shoes, millinery, confectionery, furniture, musical instruments, etc., Minneapolis has large concerns that enter into successful competition with all rival markets. The men at the head of these houses have, as a rule, grown up with the Northwestern country, know its needs, are perfectly familiar with all the conditions and requirements of the retail trade, and are noted for their tireless enterprise, broad views, and strict commercial integrity.

THE PRODUCTION OF MEDIUM AND HIGH-GRADE UNDERWEAR.

The *Dry Goods Economist* of New York City, the leading dry-goods paper of America, is authority for the statement that the best underwear made in the United States is produced in the Middle West. The best fitting, the best wearing, the most comfortable and satisfactory underwear that can be obtained, is made by mills in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, which have broken away from old methods of manufacture, and pioneered the way in introducing methods which today have the stamp of popular approval. Conspicuous among these Western mills is that of the Northwestern Knitting Company of Minneapolis, manufacturers of the celebrated Munsing Underwear. Because of its superior merit, the Munsing underwear is being sold in large quantities in all the

large cities of America. An honest combination of good material and perfect workmanship with judicious advertising, accounts for the constantly increasing demand which extends from Portland, Maine, to San Diego, California, and from Seattle, Wash., to Atlanta, Georgia.

A picture of the mill where the Munsing underwear is made is shown herewith.

PROMINENT COMMISSION HOUSES.

The growth of the wholesale fruit and produce business in Minneapolis the past fifteen years has been remarkable. The rapid settle-

with orders and so filled with activity that we were actually glad to get out of them. Among these was E. P. Stacy & Sons, 200 to 202 North Sixth Street, who claim to be the largest direct receivers of fruit and produce in the Northwest. They have large branch establishments in St. Paul and Fargo, and the amount of business done by them is enormous.

E. G. Potter is another commission jobber who gets very little rest. His office, warehouse, and stores are at Nos. 9 and 10 Central Market, where he handles vast quantities of all kinds of fruit and produce. The business was founded in 1880, and its record is a good one.



THE BIG HOUSE OF BRADLEY, CLARK & COMPANY, 227 TO 229 NORTH FIFTH STREET, MINNEAPOLIS.

ment of the Northwestern States, and the development of their power to produce, have been the principal causes of this advancement in commission lines, but back of this lies the fact that Flour City commission merchants have made the best of their opportunities and have won, by their energy and capacity, what less capable men would have let slip through their fingers. It is said by conservative men that not less than \$15,000,000 worth of fruit and produce are handled on the Minneapolis market annually. These goods come from every part of the world, and they are distributed broadcast throughout the Western and Northwestern States. Today Minneapolis is recognized everywhere as one of the few very large and important commission markets in the United States. As their field grows, so will these great commission houses grow—keeping even pace with developments along all lines of settlement and industry. The fruits of Washington, Oregon, and California are sold alongside the products of the Sunny South, and the produce from Western and Northwestern farms find an equally good market in this great center of trade.

Some of the houses called on were so rushed

At 124 to 128 Sixth Street North is the immense wholesale commission house of D. E. Ryan & Company, one of the heaviest fruit and produce concerns in the entire West. Carload lots of all goods are made a specialty, but at this season of the year a big feature is made of apples in car lots. Ryan & Company are extensive handlers of every description of fruit, both foreign and domestic, and large receivers of country produce.

Still another prominent and active wholesale commission house is the Willmar Creamery Company, established in 1889, and doing business at Nos. 16 to 19 Central Market. This company jobs hams, bacon, sausages, dried beef, etc., and makes specialties of veal, live poultry, butter, eggs, and all kinds of fruits and vegetables. Customers find them prompt, and always able to handle receipts to the best possible advantage.

SOME FAMOUS WIND-ENGINES.

If parties interested will go down on Third Avenue North, numbers 106 to 114, they will find the offices of the Northwestern Wind Engine Company, where the celebrated Monitor Windmills, tanks, pumps, cylinders, and windmill supplies are sold. The Monitor has been on the market over twenty years. It is said to be the only windmill that will stand fierce storms, and it is in very general use throughout the Northwestern States. Mr. C. P. Sillo-way, the manager, has been with the concern eleven years, and he has the exclusive sale of these goods. No one ever finds fault with a Monitor. They are made to pump water, grind feed, and chop up fodder; and cost no more than windmills of no well-established reputation.



PLANT OF THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS.

THE TONTINE SAVINGS ASSOCIATION.

An attractive field of investment about which many persons are still ignorant is that presented by the Tontine Savings Association, the home offices of which are in the New York Life Building in Minneapolis. This association was incorporated in January, 1894, with an authorized capital stock of \$100,000. In August, 1897, a special feature was introduced known as the "Diamond" contracts, which is practically selling diamonds on the installment plan under what is popularly denominated the "Tontine" principle; that is to say, an agreement under which it is stipulated that no return of any kind shall be made to the patron for a certain length of time called the tontine period, after which the total amount paid in by the patron, together with large accumulations, is to be paid back in either cash or diamonds, as the person may elect. It is a well-known insurance principle, justified by all the past experience of the many life insurance societies that have been, or that are now, employing it.

To be brief as possible, The Tontine Savings Association's contract with its patrons is as follows:

When you sign an application for membership, you pay the solicitor or the association five dollars down, whereupon an explicit contract is delivered to you by the association. This contract calls for the payment of \$1.25 every week for sixty weeks, the total payments required amounting to \$80. If you keep up these payments for the full sixty weeks, at the end of that time, or as near that time as can be estimated, the association will pay you \$160 in cash, or the same value in first-class commercial diamonds. If you keep up the payments for forty-five weeks, you will be entitled to \$80.00 in cash, or a diamond worth \$100.00 at retail. If you keep up your payments thirty weeks, the returns will be \$50.00 in cash, or a diamond worth \$62.50. These latter periods are termed non-forfeitable periods. Up to date the association has paid on Diamond contracts a grand total of nearly \$150,000.00, which looks as if the association was perfectly able to do all it claims to do. Add to this amount the sum paid out on former issues of co-operative investment contracts, and the association stands credited with nearly half a million dollars paid to its patrons since January, 1894—an investment yielding the patrons twenty-five to 100 per cent profit, according to the periods during which they maintained their required payments.

□ An investor can carry one contract or fifty, or as many as he is willing to pay for at the rate \$1.25 each per week. Many parties have carried fifty or more, and have received payment in full therefor at the end of the tontine period. The association does not guarantee to redeem the contracts at the expiration of sixty weeks, but this is the estimated average time required. It may be that the period of redemption will be less than sixty weeks—it all depends on the volume of new business taken by the association, and upon the number of lapses on the part of the members. It

is said that fully eighty per cent of the members of all insurance or beneficiary organizations let their payments or dues lapse at one period or another; and as naught is returned to them after such lapses, all this money accumulates for the greater benefit of those persons



HOME OF THE TONTINE SAVINGS ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.

who do persevere in making the full payments.

Of the weekly payments made to the association, twenty-five cents is deducted for expenses, etc., the dollar passing into the maturity fund to redeem the oldest outstanding contract. As

often as this fund amounts to a sum sufficient to mature a contract, it is paid out. The association really has no liability—further than to deal honestly by its patrons. The officers, S. W. Devore, president and manager, and N. A. Sprong, secretary and treasurer, are well-spoken of by prominent bankers and business men, and the past success of the association seems to place its methods above the level of unproven experiments. It is doing business in nearly all the States of the Union, and those who have patronized it look upon the investment as the quickest and most profitable means of doubling their money. Practically speaking, it is short-term insurance for every man, woman, and child—sick or well, diseased or strong, and it certainly merits your investigation.

A PROMINENT FUR MARKET.

A representative house of the great Northwest—Patterson & Stevenson—is located at Nos. 18, 20 and 22 Third Street North, in Minneapolis. We understand that this is the only house in the Flour City engaged in the manufacture of all kinds of fur garments for men, women, and children. The business was founded eighteen years ago, and it has since grown to very large proportions. Patterson & Stevenson sell from Central Michigan to Texas—in which State they have five salesmen; and from Minnesota to Alaska. So great is the demand for their popular line of goods, that for some time past the big factory has been compelled to run night and day to fill orders. This is the firm that manufactures the "Celebrated Minneapolis Fur Coats," a brand that is everywhere recognized as typical of the best that can be produced. All these garments are famous for their workmanship, fit, and the material used in their construction. Patterson

& Stevenson are also importers, manufacturers and jobbers of hats, caps, gloves, and mittens. The "P. & S.," "The Patterson," "The Flour City," and "The Boss" hats represent the best values on the market. It might be added that the firm makes a specialty of ladies' fine furs and fur garments, but this will, of course, be understood. It is a large house, full of energy and enterprise, and quite capable of holding its own among the strongest competitors in the country.

A GREAT SHOE FACTORY.

In the North Star Shoe Company, corner Sixth Street and First Avenue North, Minneapolis has one of the largest and most widely-known boot and shoe jobbing and manufacturing houses in the West. The company also has a big factory in Anoka, Minnesota. The Minneapolis factory and saleshouse, a cut of which appears elsewhere, was constructed especially for this business, and is one of the largest and finest business blocks in the city. There is not a more enterprising concern in the country than the North Star Shoe Company; nor is there a boot and shoe factory that turns out a finer, more complete and extensive line of footwear for both sexes and for all ages, conditions and classes.



"THE PHOENIX," MINNEAPOLIS—THE POPULAR AND UP-TO-DATE FIRE-PROOF OFFICE BUILDING—MART. N. HILT, THE RENTAL AGENT, MANAGER.

A GREAT NORTHWESTERN THRESHING-MACHINE PLANT.

The entire Northwest should take pride in the gigantic threshing-machine industry that has been so successfully established in a beautiful suburb a few miles southwest of Minneapolis. It is probable that the Mill City has no other single industry, under one management, that is of so large magnitude as the business carried on by The Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company at West Minneapolis (Hopkins P. O.). Started in 1887, it has developed into a plant of colossal proportions, and is today regarded as one of the leading manufactories of the kind in the Union. The buildings and ground used in conducting the business cover a total area of about forty acres. Seven hundred operatives are employed, and the volume of business done reaches nearly \$3,000,000 per annum. There are branch offices or agencies in Kansas City, Peoria, Council Bluffs, Fargo, and in Mason City, Iowa, and the products of the works are sold in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Northern Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, the two Dakotas, and Manitoba.

In these great workshops not fewer than one thousand complete threshing-machines are manufactured every year, every part of them being made on the company's own grounds. In addition to a complete line of separators, self-feeders, band-cutters, etc., are full lines of every description of stationary engines—from ten to seventy-five horse-power. There are ideal engines for creameries; traction engines, both simple and compound; and wood, coal, and straw-burners. The company builds Dingee-Woodbury horse-powers, automatic and swinging

stackers, pneumatic stackers, tank pumps, water-tanks, and carries immense stocks of weighers, baggers, wagon-loaders, rubber and Gandy belts, belting, hose, oils, and all kinds of threshermen's supplies.

During the present year, as already intimated, The Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company has built 1,000 complete separators, 500 engines, 800 self-feeders, and 1,200 stackers—not to mention the great variety of other products turned out. Seventy men are kept on the road selling and setting up these machines, and an army of accountants, stenographers and typewriters is employed. Indeed, this last-named feature is one of the most interesting description. The counting-room, or office, is very large, splendidly equipped, well-lighted and ventilated, and lacks naught whatever to constitute it the best-arranged apartment of the kind we have ever seen. On one side of the room is a row of fire-proof vaults, built from the ground up, and suites of large and thoroughly modern lavatories and closets. A Western Union Telegraph line also runs into the office, and an operator is employed constantly. The officers of the company have handsome private quarters, and the various heads of departments likewise have their own consultation rooms.

Adjoining the offices is one of the immense supply warehouses, 80x200 feet in dimensions, and two stories and basement in height. It was constructed to sustain a weight of 700 pounds per square foot, and it looks as if it would do it. We visited the superintendent's room, the draughting-room, the special section where all the photographic views are taken of designs, machines, etc.—the company employing its own photographer; and then that able and

courteous gentleman, President Kenaston, conducted us through the works in detail—a bit of kindness that used up at least two hours of his crowded time. This trip, however, can only be referred to briefly. We went through block after block of great workshops, foundries, paint-shops, and lumber-yards—in which we saw Southern timber worth sixty dollars per thousand feet; we saw the railway tracks of the Great Northern, the Minneapolis & St. Louis, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul companies, which haul supplies to, and carry manufactured products from, the plant direct; and we also visited the engine-and boiler-rooms, where power is furnished to operate all these shops and wheels—all these lightning trip-hammers and half-human machines. The company has its own dynamo and electric-light plant, some 600 lights being used in the early evening hours of the fall and winter days. There are dozens of huge buildings, small mountains of pig-iron, and vast stores of steel rods and other costly materials which enter into the construction of these celebrated threshers and engines.

The officers of the company are named as follows: President and treasurer, F. E. Kenaston; vice-president, H. C. Akeley; secretary and assistant treasurer, J. F. McDonald; assistant general manager, W. H. Ritchie. They are at the head of an industry that supports a village of 2,000 inhabitants. It is their enterprise, also, that feeds and sustains the St. Louis Park Electric Railway; and if the business keeps on growing in the future as it has in the past, it will not be many years before a second "Pullman" shall crown the progress of The Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company at this thriving village of West Minneapolis.



A TRAIN-LOAD OF THRESHING-MACHINES AND ENGINES TAKEN FROM THE GREAT WORKS OF THE MINNEAPOLIS THRESHING-MACHINE COMPANY AT WEST MINNEAPOLIS, HOPKINS P. O., FOR SHIPMENT TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

A BIG BREWERY PLANT.

Under the management of the Minneapolis Brewing Company are four large plants which give employment to 235 men and produce 160,000 barrels of beer annually. The largest of these plants is located at Marshall Street and Thirteenth Avenue, where it covers an area of about twenty acres. This industry is of great magnitude. In it is invested not less than \$2,000,000, and the product is sold throughout the Northwest. The barley used comes from Min-

tral Avenue. As manufacturers of upholstered furniture, especially fine parlor goods, this firm occupies a leading position. The quality of the goods made, and the variety shown, are simply beyond compare. A few more years of progress in this industry will be likely to place this city at the head of furniture-manufacturing centers, just as it now ranks first in flour-milling and the lumber business.

The Geo. F. Thompson & Son Buggy Company, 158 to 164 Western Avenue, Minneapolis, is a huge concern that manufactures and whole-

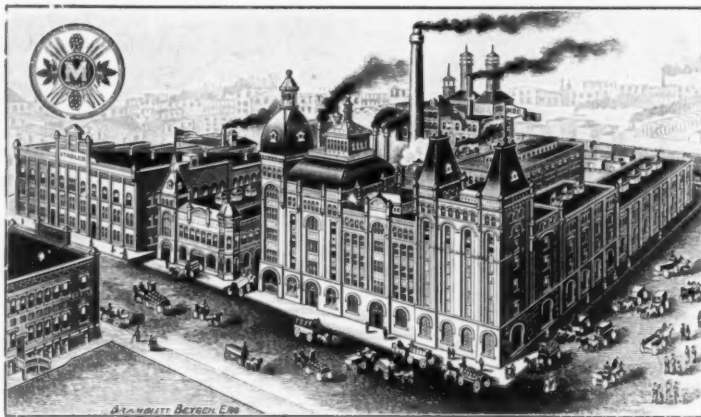
company handles nearly everything in the line named, except threshing machines and engines. The territory sold to embraces Minnesota, the Dakotas, and part of Wisconsin. This house has been established six years, but Mr. W. J. Dean, the president, has been in Minneapolis since 1877, and enjoys the distinction of having been the first person to engage in the agricultural implement jobbing business in the city. Railway trackage is at the company's very doors; three cars can be loaded within the building at one time. A. J. Dean is vice-president, and S. W. Pond is the secretary.

A FARM MACHINERY DEPOT.

One of the most extensive dealers in farm implements in the Northwest is L. B. Wood, whose large warehouse is at 108 to 114 Third Avenue North, in Minneapolis. This great building is 90x160 feet in dimensions, and four stories and basement in height—with trackage facilities at its rear. Mr. Wood is transfer agent for the Stoughton Wagon Company of Stoughton, Wis.; Robinson Manufacturing Company of Freeport, Ill.; The Plano Manufacturing Company of Chicago; the Northwestern Wind Engine Company of Minneapolis; Butcher & Gibbs Plow Company of Canton, Ohio, etc. He handles everything—from plows to harrows, cultivators, binders, mowers, rakes, vehicles of all kinds, seeders and drills, cornshellers, feed-grinders, horse-powers, and so on almost endlessly. These goods are shipped throughout Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin, and the volume of business transacted grows steadily every year.

HOW GRAIN IS THRESHED.

This is the time of year when the hum of the thresher is abroad in the land, and among these busy machines will always be found a large number of those famous Battle Creek, Mich., threshers, made by the Nichols & Shepard Company. The mammoth Minneapolis



MARSHALL STREET PLANT OF THE MINNEAPOLIS BREWING COMPANY.

nesota, and the hops are raised in the Pacific Coast States. Outside of the city are forty-eight agencies and twenty-three wholesalers that are supplied regularly, and to transact the local business requires the constant use of 160 wagons. To keep the big plants going calls for 200,000 bushels of barley per annum, and about 125,000 pounds of hops, 25,000 pounds of which come from other countries. William W. Eastman is president, F. D. Noerenberg vice-president, Titus Marek secretary, Gustav J. Heinrich treasurer, and S. T. Wiendenbeck superintendent.

REPRESENTATIVE MINNEAPOLIS INDUSTRIES.

Prominent among the many implement concerns represented in the Flour City is the Advance Thresher Company of Battle Creek, Mich., whose local branch is at 322 Third Avenue North, with Walter Gregory for manager. Everything in the threshing-machine and engine line can be found at the great sample-rooms and warehouses of this company. Interested parties would do well to send to Mr. Gregory for an illustrated catalogue.

Another important industry is the Minneapolis Plow Works, the down-town office of the company being at Nos. 116 and 118 Third Avenue North. The main building of the factory is 37x100 feet in dimensions and three stories in height. The blacksmith-shop is 44x110 feet in dimensions, on posts sixteen feet high, the main warehouse is 50x75 feet, and the iron warehouse is 50x50 feet and two stories high. This large plant is located on the tracks of the C., M. & St. P. Railway, a spur running direct to the works. About sixty skilled workmen are employed, and the principal business is the manufacture of the celebrated "Monitor" plows. Henry Doerr is president, F. B. Semple vice-president, A. G. Dunlop manager and treasurer, J. H. Chestnut secretary.

We have already referred to the magnitude of the furniture manufacturing industry in Minneapolis. One of the foremost firms engaged in this line of business in the West is McLeod & Smith, corner Seventh Street and Cen-

sales a magnificent line of high-grade vehicles. The members of the company wish it understood that they are Northwestern manufacturers for Northwestern trade, and that every vehicle turned out by them is an honest vehicle of full value. Among their specialties are Concord buggies and Climax spring wagons, conveyances it would be very difficult to equal anywhere. The products of this factory are in use all through the West, and the popular demand for them grows stronger every year. Before



SCENE IN THE BLACKSMITH-SHOP OF THE MINNEAPOLIS PLOW WORKS.

buying anything in this line, it would be well to send to the Geo. F. Thompson & Son Buggy Company for an illustrated catalogue.

IN AGRICULTURAL LINES.

At No. 300 Third Avenue North, Minneapolis, is the large wholesale agricultural implement house of Dean & Company. About 62,000 square feet of floor space is occupied, and the

branch of this great manufacturing concern is at 220 to 222 Washington Avenue North, where J. L. Gable presides as manager. He has been with the company ever since 1885, and he is one of the most popular men in the business. The premises occupied as sample-rooms are 75x65 feet in dimensions and three stories high, and in addition to this is a huge warehouse 75x165 feet in dimensions at the corner of Colfax Avenue and the Great Northern Railway. Other

large branches are maintained in Kansas City, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Fargo, Mansfield, Ohio; Nashville, Tenn., and in Bloomington, Ill. The company manufactures threshing machinery of every description, and is in the market to compete with the world. It has had fifty-one years of continuous and successful business. When you wish to know anything about threshers, etc., send to Mr. Gable for an illustrated catalogue.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

The history of successful life insurance in this country has been added to greatly in recent years by the Northwestern Life Association of Minneapolis. Beginning its existence in 1885, its subsequent career has been one of uninterrupted progress. Today it maintains agencies and does business in fifteen States—in New York, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Idaho, Washington, California, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory. On the first of January, 1899, it had 12,276 policies in force, the insurance value of which was \$16,751,850; and up to that same date it had paid to its policy holders \$894,875.12, and still held first-class assets amounting to the grand total of \$301,117. Perhaps the best feature of all,—certainly the most notable,—lay in the fact that at the time mentioned there was not a dollar of losses due and unpaid. Indeed, the association has never closed a year with a liability, and it never has had but one lawsuit.

This splendid success is due to good management, to safe insurance in healthful States, to reasonable rates per thousand, and to the popularity of its well-known "ordinary life" and "fifteen-year equation" policies. The association has over 6,500 policy-holders in Minnesota, carrying more than \$8,000,000 of insurance, and every year finds it growing more and more popular in its home State. The president, Dr. J. F. Force, is a director of the Metropolitan Bank, of Minneapolis; the vice-president, Wallace Campbell, is a director of the Peoples' Bank, and also director and vice-president of the Minnesota Title Insurance & Trust Company; while the treasurer, James Quirk, is a director of the Security Bank, and president of the James Quirk Milling Company. They are all strong men, possessing great energy and fine executive ability.

WHERE ONE LOOKS FOR DRY-GOODS.

In construction, and for general business facilities and downright elegance, Wyman, Partridge & Company's large seven-story and basement wholesale dry-goods house at the corner of First Avenue North and Fourth Street, Minneapolis, is the equal of any building of the kind in the country. This sterling house has had twenty-four years of prosperous existence. It has had to change its quarters four times, each time moving into larger warerooms. Every State in the Northwest is visited by its forty or fifty traveling representatives, and every year finds it growing in popularity among Northwestern dealers. The big factory, where full lines of jeans, pants, the "W. P. & Co." brands of shirts, flannel-lined duck goods, overalls, etc., are manufactured, gives employment to about 500 operatives, and the wholesale departments require the services of some 200 other employees—nearly a full regiment in all. With experienced buyers, unlimited resources, immense stocks and energetic, yet careful management, no house in the West is better able to satisfy trade demands and to uphold and add to the wholesale prestige already gained for this great Northwestern market.

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY IN MINNEAPOLIS.

The W. S. Nott Company, 200 to 206 First Avenue South, corner Second Street, Minneapolis, stands at the head of all Western manufacturers of rubber goods. The immense building occupied is 95x105 feet in ground dimensions, and four stories and basement in height, giving a floor space of about 47,000 square feet. Another building under construction will add at least 18,000 square feet more. This



DR. J. F. FORCE, PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSOCIATION, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

house was established in 1879. It maintains a large branch establishment in Chicago, keeps twenty men on the road, selling in Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, and likewise covering the entire Northwest. It employs not fewer than seventy-five persons, and has permanent offices in Duluth, and in Butte, Montana. The great specialties of the W. S. Nott Company are leather belting and rubber boots and shoes, but the concern makes and handles an infinite va-



WALLACE CAMPBELL, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSOCIATION.

riety of staple goods in its line, from fire-department apparatus to mineral wool and German socks. W. S. Nott is president, F. H. George vice-president and manager, E. M. Goldsborough treasurer, and W. T. Atwater secretary.

NORTHWESTERN HARNESS AND SADDLERY.

It is always gratifying to a Northwestern dealer to know that he does not have to go out of the Northwest for anything needed in his

line of business. If he happens to be in the harness and saddlery branch of trade, he knows that he can get what he wants of the Dodson, Fisher, Brockmann Company, manufacturers and jobbers of harness and saddlery goods, and of leather, blankets, whips, robes, etc., at Nos. 15 to 19 Third Street North, Minneapolis. This big house has been doing business ever since 1883. Its ten traveling salesmen cover Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, and run clear through to the Pacific Coast. In the factory are 150 operatives, and they are kept busy turning out goods needed to fill incoming orders. The great specialties comprise cowboy saddles and cowboy outfits complete. No cowboy could look upon these special products of the factory without experiencing covetousness in its most intense form. The company occupies an immense plant, and is noted for its prompt, square dealing with all who have business with it. Elmer E. Fisher is president, Emory F. Dodson vice-president, William S. Hughes secretary and treasurer.

IN REAL ESTATE, LOAN, AND INSURANCE LINES.

It has been shown in other columns of this issue that real estate, loans, rentals, and all kindred lines of business in Minneapolis, are just now in most excellent condition. A brief interview with J. F. Conklin & Company, whose spacious offices are in the Temple Court Building, on Hennepin Avenue, lends emphatic confirmation to all that can be said on the subject. This is one of the largest real estate, rental, loan and insurance firms in the city, its reputation for reliability, and for responsibility as well, being unquestioned. Messrs. Conklin & Company handle many of the extensive properties in Minneapolis, such as the Syndicate Block, Temple Court, etc., and they also have the management of two big buildings in St. Paul. They loan a great deal of money on first-class improved city property—on first mortgage security only, and good judgment has enabled them to operate without the necessity of foreclosing on any one of their many loans.

The firm manages all kinds of property, both for resident and non-resident owners; and it enjoys special facilities for selling and renting properties and for making collections. All the members have been residents of Minneapolis for a period of fifteen years or more, so that they are well-known, and thoroughly acquainted not only with the local public, but with local values and conditions as well. A standing invitation is extended to any and all persons to call upon them and to investigate their standing in Minneapolis business circles. They are especially desirous of meeting with investors and property owners, whose inquiries will be attended to promptly.

Among the first-class references which Messrs. Conklin & Company offer, are the following: Thomas Lowry, John De Laittre, Judge M. B. Koon, the First National Bank, and J. W. Raymond, president of the Northwestern National Bank, all of Minneapolis; W. B. Barbour & Company, New York; Laurence Minot, Boston; or any bank or business man in the Flour City.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.—The Mississippi River, starting at Elk Lake, near Itasca, Minnesota, has an elevation of 1,600 feet, and leaves the State at 620 feet above sea-level. The Red River of the North, with the same elevation at its source as the Mississippi, crosses the national boundary at an elevation of 767 feet. Minnesota's highest elevation is in the Mesaba Range, and is 2,200 feet.

TALE OF A ONE-ARMED STRANGER.

By Victor Herbert Smalley.

"Jack!" called out the cashier of the National Bank, as I was about to open the massive office door preparatory to battling with the cold, fierce December weather, to reach my home in time for Christmas eve festivities.—"Jack, step here a minute; I wish to speak to you."

I turned and entered the small, den-like office of the shrewd cashier, who immediately broke up all my fond plans of a jolly Christmas day. Of all the employees, I had been chosen to attend to some important business affair in Portland, Ore., and I had just three hours to pack up and catch the west-bound N. P. train.

I had been an employee of this particular Minnesota bank five years, beginning as office boy, and slowly but surely climbing the rounds of the ladder until I had reached the position of assistant to the cashier himself. Through honest, diligent work, I am proud to say that I had gained the respect of my principals, a fact which was proven by their sending me on such an important mission. Yet it seemed a little hard on your humble servant, John Walton, aged twenty-three, to be torn away from friends, family, anticipated pleasures, and, last but not least, from a bright-eyed, sunny-faced sweetheart, to travel to Oregon on three hours' notice.

After listening to the final instructions of the cashier, I hurried home to prepare for my journey. The illuminated streets were filled with people burdened with packages of all sizes. Everyone seemed happy; even the little newsboys sang out more cheerily, and the very atmosphere seemed to fill one with exhilaration. The long trip on a Pullman, among strangers, was not looked forward to with delight, and it was with a surly countenance that I entered my car three hours later, while the train slowly steamed out from under the protecting sheds of the Union Depot.

The sleeper was nearly empty, there being only two other occupants. One was a bald-headed traveling man, who was looking at some samples spread on his berth; the other passenger I found in the smoking-room, puffing away at a huge meerschaum pipe. He was a tall, round-shouldered man who appeared to be aged from trouble rather than from years. A soft felt hat covered his head, but failed to hide his gray hair, which was curly. His right arm was missing, and the empty sleeve was fastened by means of a loop attached to a button. A modest suit of gray covered his fine form, which, in every movement made, displayed the athlete.

I sat opposite him, and puffed meditatively away at my Havana, thinking of the good times I was missing, and inwardly raging at the luck that had brought me out on such a journey. I was lonesome, and soon started to speak of the recent troubles in Turkey, which were of so much interest to all.

The stranger slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, and then refilled it, in an astonishingly expert manner for a one-handed person, from a leather pouch.

"I am not well posted on those affairs," he said, a sad sort of smile accompanying his words. "For twenty years I have been almost entirely secluded from society."

His words and manner aroused my curiosity, and I made up my mind to learn more of this mysterious passenger's history. He seemed to

see that I was anxious to know more about him, and so, after lighting his pipe and settling down comfortably in his seat, he told me the following story, which made me forget all about my Christmas pleasures, and filled my heart with sympathy for this lonely outcast:

"I am a Southerner by birth," he began, "and I was raised and educated in the city of New Orleans, Louisiana. I lost my mother when I was ten years old, and my father, a tall, handsome man, put me in a boys' boarding-school during the winter, and the summer months were spent with an old aunt at a seaside resort called Pass Christian. Three days after my fourteenth birthday, my dear father died from the effects of a fever caught on a hunting trip. After that sad event I spent my entire time with kind old Aunt Dora in her little white-washed house at Pass Christian, where our only attendant was a negress. Here I played and studied until I reached the age of seventeen, when I entered the University of Louisiana, made a creditable showing for myself, and passed through with honors.

"It was at the university that I met a girl with whom I soon fell seriously in love. Her name was Lillian Spaulding, and she was the only daughter of a wealthy cotton-grower. During the college course we became engaged, and finally, after a long talk with her father, our engagement was formally announced.

"Lillian, who was motherless, resided in a large, brick mansion, and possessed every advantage that riches can afford. Her father was of French descent, very wealthy, and very influential. In the coming summer months, after our engagement, the Spauldings were domiciled at Pass Christian—in a beautiful country house within a half-mile's walk of my aunt's home. We were happy as only two lovers can be, and the days passed as if they were winged. But it was not destined that life should continue to run on so smoothly; another person was soon to trespass upon our happiness—a man to whom I owe the bitterest blow of my existence.

"One morning while Lillian and myself were strolling along the beach road, we passed a stranger—a handsome, dark-complexioned young man who was attired in a faultless suit of blue. As we went by I saw him glance at my companion with a gaze too admiring and too bold to come from a gentleman, and I flushed with anger when I noticed that Lillian did not seem displeased with such impudence. The incident soon passed from my mind, however, as I walked by the side of my sweetheart.

"My engagement awakened ambitions in my brain to work and to be able to command a salary sufficient to support my affianced wife in the style she had been used to. After some search, I procured a situation in a large stationery establishment as city buyer, and was soon at home in my new place. Every morning at seven would find me on the local train bound for the city to attend to my duties, and every evening the same train would bring me back. This left Lillian to herself the majority of the day, a fact she complained of bitterly, at first, but which she soon learned to accept as a matter of course.

"It was on a December evening, two days before Christmas, that I found myself sitting

next to a Pass Christian young man whom I knew quite well and considered a friend, staunch and true. We were both returning from work in New Orleans, and we were tired and sleepy. The day had been an unusually hard one for me, and I felt ill-tempered and cross.

"As the train left the city and steamed out through the suburbs, we were silent, and it was not until the town was left far behind that either of us uttered a word. Then Harry Green, my friend, suddenly turned to me and said:

"Jack, old man, will you let the friendship I bear you allow me to speak to you on a matter that is nearest your heart?"

"His words and manner mystified me, and I told him to speak out. I knew that, whatever he chose to say, it would be intended for my good; but I did not expect the story that he told me—the story that seemed to freeze my heart's blood and to deaden all my senses except one, that of revenge!

"Harry passed his arm over my shoulders, his face wearing a troubled look, and began:

"You no doubt have seen a dark, good-looking fellow around Pass Christian lately," he said. "He is always attired in the best of clothes, and he rides a splendid sorrel horse. His name is Alphonse Carrelle, and he is a Frenchman by birth. He is staying at the Pass Christian Hotel, and he cuts quite a dash among the fair sex. Well, Jack,—here his voice fell lower, and the next few sentences fell on my ears like hissing coals of fire,—"in some way he became acquainted with your sweetheart, Lillian Spaulding, and while you have been working hard in the city, trying to gain a place and a livelihood for yourself and your sweetheart, this Carrelle has been winning her from you, and is now a constant caller at her house. They have been seen driving and riding together, and folks are beginning to talk about it."

"As our train slowed up at Pass Christian I descended from it and turned, not in the direction of my sweetheart's house, but towards home. I was sad, but angry. I was broken-hearted, yet possessed of a feeling that had never entered my breast before—a thirst for revenge!

"I never knew what prompted me to do it, but next morning, instead of going to town as usual, I remained at home, feigning a sick headache as an excuse. Not until late in the afternoon did I leave home, and then I headed straight for Lillian's house. I approached it by a side entrance, and walked quietly up the walk to the vine-covered porch. From behind the latticework I heard the voices of two persons; one belonged to Lillian, the other was a man's. As I ascended the piazza, I saw what convinced me of all I had suspected. Lillian and her clandestine lover were seated together in a hammock, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar played by the Frenchman. They started abruptly when I made my appearance, and her voice possessed an apprehensive tone as she welcomed me and introduced me to M. Carrelle.

"I saw that they were both ill at ease as we talked, that evening. She was nervous, and cast appealing glances at me as I watched the sneak as a cat watches a mouse. He assumed a careless manner, and seemed to be amused at my discovery—although naught was said that could lead them to know to a certainty that I was fully informed of their treachery.

"Lillian, while introducing me to the stranger, casually remarked that she had met him at the hotel, and that this was his first call. I was now thoroughly convinced that what my friend said was true, and, although my outward appearance was calm and indifferent, I was inwardly raging against this fellow with his glossy black locks and natty clothes. At last he arose to go:

I did likewise. My brain was on fire, and I resolved to bring this matter to a close that very evening.

"Wait, Monsieur," I said, slipping my arm through his as he was about to leave; "I am going down to the hotel. Let us walk together along the beach."

"He paled a trifle, muttered something about being delighted, and we started off together.

"After leaving the house, we walked a few steps in silence. It was I who started the conversation.

"Monsieur," I said, tightening my grasp on his arm, "have you heard rumors about the village that a certain foreigner is taking advantage of the absence of a gentleman, and is trying to steal the love of a future wife from him?"

"He wrenched himself free, and turned toward me angrily. I can see him now, just as he stood before me in the evening light then, his black eyes flashing malignantly.

"No, he answered, sneeringly; 'I never heard of such a pathetic story before. And what if I had?"

"His manner filled me with anger. I strode toward him, and deliberately struck him full in the face. The blow was a hard one—I could see the blood oozing out from under the broken skin on my hand.

"Carrelle seemed stunned. He pressed his hand to his forehead, and withdrew it red with blood. Then he seemed to grasp the situation that he had been struck by me.

"Monsieur," he fairly gasped, white with rage, "you have offered me an insult that can only be wiped out in blood. If you are a gentleman, which I doubt, you will fight with the weapons of a gentleman, and not like a street rowdy."

"While he was speaking I heard footsteps approaching, and soon discerned the forms of three of the hotel guests and my friend, Harry Green. The recognition was mutual, and they soon joined us; but their approach did not have a quieting effect upon the gentleman from France.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning and addressing them suavely, as was his custom, "this gentleman here," designating me, "has grossly insulted me. As is the custom in France, I have challenged him to mortal combat, which challenge has been accepted. Will you favor us with your company at the affair?"

"It was already dark, and our little group upon the beach soon separated, after having arranged everything for a meeting between M. Carrelle and myself at daybreak of the following day. A secluded spot had been selected, and all the preliminaries were arranged satisfactorily.

"Then I walked home with my friend, meditating on the events of the day, and thinking of what was to transpire. What would be the outcome of the morrow's fray? The fact that in a few short hours I should face death in the shape of a revolver,—the weapon I had chosen,—did not impress me very much. Since my discovery of Lillian's unfaithfulness, it mattered little to me whether I lived or not.

"It was a beautiful evening," the one-armed man continued, "and after bidding Harry good-night, I sat at my open window and gazed out into the darkness. Before retiring, I spent an hour in writing a few farewell letters to my relatives and friends, in case I should be killed. Then, with a last look out over the waves of the Gulf, I threw myself on a couch, where I tossed about in restless slumber.

"It was still dark when my friend and second awoke me on that memorable Christmas morning. In a few minutes' time we were cantering silently side by side. Not a sound was heard

except the hoof-beats of our horses upon the shell road. The place of meeting, which had been mutually agreed upon, was a lonely spot on the beach road, about two miles below the town. It was on a large, level rock surmounting a cliff that we were to settle our dispute; and although it was within a few rods of the road leading to Pass Christian, we expected no interruption from that quarter, on account of the earliness of the hour.

"In exactly one hour from the time I had mounted my horse, I was facing Alphonse Carrelle, weapon in hand, awaiting the signal to press the trigger. Behind me I could hear the

handkerchief. At one side stood his friend, and a physician well-known to both of us.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" Harry waved the white signal, as we both responded in the affirmative. Once more it waved through the air, and then it fell to the ground. At the same instant the shrubbery to my left parted, and the form of a woman sprung between us.

"Hold!" I cried; but too late. The report of Carrelle's pistol sounded in the morning air, and the body of Lillian fell at my feet, a small, crimson stream trickling from a hole in her breast.

"I was wild with rage and remorse. Turning



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roar of the breakers as they dashed madly against the rocky cliff and then retreated suddenly to the ocean. Far in the distance I was sure that I heard the sounds of approaching wheels. Some one was coming our way in a vehicle. To my right stood Harry Green, holding at arm's length a white handkerchief. When that tiny piece of white cambric should flutter to the ground, two leaden messengers of death would be speeding on their fatal errands. Before me I could distinctly see the tall, graceful form of my rival. He was attired, as usual, in a faultless manner, and he showed his white teeth in a malignant smile as he watched the

toward the poor girl's murderer, who now saw his mistake, and was white with terror, I leveled my weapon, and fired. Uttering an oath, the last word he ever spoke, the villain fell to the ground dead.

"I hardly remember what transpired from that time until, five days later, I found myself lying on a cot in the New Orleans City Hospital, weak and sick.

"It seems that after the terrible events of the morning I had lost consciousness, from which state I had fallen into a high fever. Lillian afterwards died from the effects of the bullet wound, and she was buried by her heart-

broken father. How the poor girl ever heard of the meeting, I never discovered. Carrelle's body was also interred, and a warrant had been issued for my arrest, charged with his murder.

"Never will I forget that trial—the small, stuffy court-room, and the inquisitive spectators that hung around the court-house doors to catch a glimpse of the man charged with so terrible a crime. The jury, 'twelve good men and true,' gave a verdict of "guilty," and as the venerable judge sentenced me to life imprisonment, his eyes moistened and his stern face softened in mortal sympathy.

"Twenty years passed, and it was on a Christmas eve in the great penitentiary at Baton Rouge that the accident occurred which, though it deprived me of my arm, eventually procured for me freedom.

"It was supper time, and with lock-steps the prisoners marched to the bare mess-hall. As we seated ourselves at the long tables, I noticed a commotion among the prisoners at the upper end of the room. I never knew how it began, but it seems there was a plot among the hardened criminals to escape by overpowering the guards. I sprung to the assistance of a guard just as he was thrown to the floor and his rifle was wrenched from his hands. The ruffian that had gained possession of the weapon pointed it at the prostrate man, and pulled the trigger as I leaped at him. The charge struck me in my arm, and shattered its bones. Others came to the rescue, and after a few shots succeeded in restoring order.

"Again I lay on my back in the hospital, but this time cheerfully, as I was told that the governor had made me a free man.

"Now you know my story. I hope I haven't bored you. Shall we go to the dining-car and have a bottle of wine?"

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

There no longer appears to be any question as to the identity of the wax found on the Oregon coast near the mouth of the Nehalem River, says the *Portland Telegram*. This wax, which is embedded in the sand for some distance along the beach, has long been a source of mystery. The extent of the deposit is not known. While many have contended that it is natural beeswax, others have insisted that it is a mineral deposit, and still others that it is a product of the sea-water. In appearance and consistency there is nothing to distinguish it from ordinary beeswax, but the question has always been: "How did so large a deposit of beeswax get there?"

That it is natural beeswax, however, and nothing else, now seems to be established beyond any peradventure of doubt by the discovery of a chunk of the wax with a bee imbedded in it. This specimen was found by Edward Hallock, chief of police of Astoria, who gave it to George Noland, of the same place. Mr. Noland has presented it to the Oregon Historical Society, and the specimen is now in Portland, soon to take its place among the valued archives of the society. The sworn affidavits of Hallock and Noland accompany the specimen, and as both gentlemen are conceded to be men of veracity, the genuineness of the specimen cannot be doubted.

The identity of this large deposit of beeswax being apparently established, the question arises, "How did it get there?" Alexander Henry, the Northwest Company fur-trader, who spent the winter of 1813-14 at Astoria, twice makes mention of this beeswax in his diary. Under date of December 8, 1813, he writes:

"The old Clatsop chief arrived with some excellent salmon and meat of a large fische. There came with him a man about thirty years of age, who has extraordinary dark-red hair, and is much freckled—a supposed offspring of a ship that was wrecked within a few miles of the entrance of this river years ago. Great quantities of beeswax continue to be dug out of the sand-bar near this spot, and the Indians bring it to trade with us."

This man was Jack Ramsay, the son of an English sailor who deserted from a trading-vessel and took up his residence among the Indians.

On February 28, 1814, Henry writes:

"They (the Clatsops) bring us frequently lumps of beeswax fresh out of the sand, which they collect on the coast to the south, where the Spanish ship was cast away some years ago, and the crew all murdered by the natives."

Dr. Elliott Cones, who edited and published this diary, says in a foot-note: "The supposed 'beeswax' has attracted much attention from Henry's time to ours. It is about the only peculiar product of the place which Lewis and Clark seem to have missed. I have lately seen stories floating about that it was genuine beeswax, brought from China in a vessel wrecked on the spot in some indefinite epoch of the past; if so, she must have had great carrying capacity to have dumped in the sand a cargo not yet exhausted. A certain substance of waxy appearance is found in the ground at various points along the Columbia; its nature is still disputed by the wiseacres whom I have read on the subject, but there is no question of its being an indigenous product, perhaps something like ambergris or spermaceti, from the remains of whales, altered in some sort of adipocerate by long inhumation in wet ground."

Doctor Cones, no doubt, was mistaken as to his speculations and conclusions, if the testimony of the deceased bee is to be taken into account. John Smith, who has made a special study of the early history of the Pacific Coast, found an account of several Spanish ships starting north from Southern California for the purpose of founding monasteries along the coast. One of these vessels stopped at San Francisco and established a monastery there; the others were never heard of. He says that he is satisfied that the ship referred to by Henry in his diary was one of these Spanish vessels. This vessel evidently mistook Nehalem bar for the mouth of the Columbia, and, turning in, was wrecked on the sands. In the novel "Nehalem," reference is made to a rock found at the mouth of a fresh-water stream covered with hieroglyphics. Similar hieroglyphics have been found on beeswax found in the Nehalem beach deposit, and there is little question that the fresh-water stream referred to was the stream upon which the Spaniards camped after being wrecked and washed ashore.

The theory is that the Spanish vessels that came north for the purpose of founding monasteries carried large quantities of beeswax, out of which candles were to be made. This theory is given credence by the fact that candles have been found in the wax deposit. Marshal Kinney, of Astoria, has one of these relics, and others have been found by other people. Mr. Kinney also has a large block of the wax bearing the inscription, "I. H. S."

It is also worthy of note in this connection, that the earliest traditions among the Indians, relative to this wax-deposit, are in line with conclusions based upon what fragments of history are at hand and the evidence of the lone bee in the chunk of wax now in the possession of the Oregon Historical Society.

DAKOTA WHEAT SONG.

Tune—Yankee Doodle.

On countless farms in all the land
The ripened grain is yellow,
But if you ask who leads the van,
Dakota is the fellow.

Young Dakota's ample fields
Give the world its flour,
Mighty mills and Boards of Trade
Know whence come their power.

Let Yankee farmers leave their fields
And grind their doughty sickles,
To harvest here when we are through
Would give them far more nickels.

Tell the people, East and West,
Half has not been told them,
Of the way our acres yield

Where there are men to hold them

The railroad trains now Western bound
Are loaded with our binders;
Invite the tramp to ride along.

He knows right where to find us.
Bring him out, we'll give him work
To stir his sleeping powers;
A man's a man in harvest-time,
And these are golden hours.

Bye and bye, when threshing comes,
How the girls will hustle!

There is no need to scant the food
Which feeds the farmer's muscle.
Heap the smoking platters high,
Pass along the chickens,
The way good things will disappear
Will beat the very Dickens!

From countless farms in all the land,
Come a golden treasure,
But those who call Dakota home,
Can boast a heaping measure.

Young Dakota's ample fields
Give the world its flour,
Mighty mills and Boards of Trade
Know whence come their power.

Forestburg, S. D. JULIA SARGENT FISHER.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

EVENING.

Fading and dim is the purple glow
On that western summit, high and stark,
And fitful gleams, like a firefly's spark,
Shoot up from some marsh-fire far below.

Up the slopes, with a languid sigh,
Rolls the fevered breath of the dying day,
From far-off meadows where curling hay
And winnows of wilting clover lie.

Silence and darkness, above, below,
Save for the brawl of a snow-fed stream;
And, far up the canyon, a camp-fire's gleam,
And a song from the group in its crimson glow.

MORNING.

Below, in that cloud-lake, dense and dun,
Valley and river slumbering lie;
Far overhead, in the shadowed sky,
One hoary summit has sighted the sun.

Down from the snow-drifts a herald breeze
Through the murk of the silent canyon blows,
Snatching the breath of the opening rose,
And the resinous scent of the whispering trees.

Swiftly downward the feet of day
Run from the glittering peaks of snow,
Driving the mist from the vale below,
And waking the slumbering camp midway.

East Spokane, Wash. E. B. FOOTE.

I WALKED ALONE.

I walked alone, one autumn day,
Beside a brooklet's stony way.
I heard its rippling, murmuring song,
As through the glade it sped along.

And on its banks, with branches bare,
The willows bowed, as though aware
The time was short for this glad lay,—
This song that nature sang that day.

From ancient hills on either hand,
Dark with the pines of this fair land,
An anthem rose in one long swell—
Sweetly it rose, and grandly fell.

And as I listened to the strain,
My heart sent forth a glad refrain—
To mingle with the voices heard
In Nature's world, without a word.

I walked alone, you heard me say,
Upon this glorious autumn day:
Yet grander comp'ny is not known,
Than God in Nature, heard alone.

Deadwood, S. D. SUSAN M. KANE.



Grape Culture in Oregon.

The Corvallis (Ore.) *Times* says that Christian Van Groos, a native of Holland, and a man of experience in the business, avers that grapes can be cultivated with great success in Benton County, Ore. There are 2,000 acres of land, he says, in the foothills west of Corvallis and running a dozen miles north, that can be utilized with immense success in the great industry.

The soil and the climate are declared to be splendidly adapted to the purpose. Last year, from half an acre of ground near Turner, Marion County, and from vines but six years old, he gathered 1,000 pounds of grapes as good as are produced anywhere on earth. The reason, he says, why Oregonians fail to grow good grapes, is that they do not cut the vine sufficiently. Twice a year—in June and in August—the limbs should be cut back of the second bud. This process eliminates the causes that produce mold and other influences which retard a perfect development of the grapes.

Mr. Van Groos is confident of his statements, and it is possible that there is opportunity for landholders, in the region referred to, to make profitable experiments.

New Settlers in Washington.

The report of the sales of land by the Northern Pacific Railway Company shows that much the larger portion of the immigration to the Coast is to the State of Washington. More than five times as much land was sold the past year in Washington as in the two States of Oregon and Idaho, amounting to over half a million acres in the State.

The most encouraging feature of the report is the statement that, of these immense sales, the largest known in any one year, not an acre was sold to a speculator, but all to actual settlers who will place it under cultivation.

Thousands of acres of Washington lands, which were formerly declared valueless, are now producing the largest crops of wheat ever known. According to this report, nearly two thousand actual settlers have been added to the State, occupying the lands purchased from the railway, which is but a small portion of the increase of people in the State. The cities, which two years ago had empty houses and business buildings to burn, are now filled with newcomers, and vacant houses are hard to find.

Both these elements are desirable; but if the agricultural districts are filled, the cities will follow rapidly in their wake.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger*.

An Idaho Woman Farmer.

The friends of Mrs. H. E. Miller, of Bellevue, will be agreeably surprised when told that she has developed into a first-class rancher. Her husband being in Nevada, superintending the development of a group of copper claims in which he is interested, Mrs. Miller was left in charge of three ranches in the Wood River Valley, south of Hailey.

She looked after the plowing, seeding, and irrigation, and is now managing the harvest. She has already had several hundred tons of hay cut, cured and stacked, and is still at it.

She is expected to harvest over 1,000 tons altogether on her three ranches.

Mrs. Miller sees to everything, and works harder than any of her employees. She is up immediately after daylight, appears and assists at preparing the breakfast, and sees to it that her harvesters are off in good time. She then follows to the field, and—a splendid "whip"—is not above driving a bayrake herself.

Hay is going to be hay this year, stockmen expecting that it will sell at \$20 to \$25 a ton before next harvest. Mrs. Miller's 1,000 tons will therefore net her quite a handsome sum.

She was delicately nurtured, was educated in a convent, married a wealthy man, owns the roomiest, most elegant and costly dwelling, and has traveled extensively in Europe and elsewhere. She is also a cultured musician, whose voice and appearance at charity and social entertainments always prove a great attraction.

—*Hailey (Id.) Times*.

Settling the Wilds.

A little community a hundred miles from anywhere is springing up, in Northwestern Minnesota's northern edge, that will in a few months be next door to everywhere. And this is characteristic. The people have no land titles but squatters' rights, but there are six stores and more coming. This is also characteristic. Warroad, the only American town on Lake of the Woods, is the sturdy infant.

It has a steamboat line and a custom-house. A railroad is on the way. Another outpost has been taken on the fast diminishing frontier.

George E. Hallberg, chief clerk to the secretary of State, has just returned from a two-weeks' trip to the new town. It's far enough out of the way now. One may go to Tower by rail, travel by stage two days to the Rainy River, and reach Lake of the Woods by water, which is a tedious trip; or he may go from Stephen, in Marshall County, a hundred miles east by stage to the lake, which is also wearisome. Or the quickest way is via Winnipeg to Rat Portage, where the Canadian Pacific touches Lake of the Woods. Thence it is only a hundred miles by steamer to Warroad.

They have a fleet of seventy-five steamers on Lake of the Woods. Until a week ago they were all Canadian. Lately the first steamer on the American side was launched at Warroad, built at Warroad last winter. It is a fifty-ton vessel, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour, named Na-ma-Puk, after the chief of the American Chippewas. Capt. George R. Roberts, who sat in the Legislature four years ago, is commander.

Steamers ply regularly between Rat Portage, at the northern tip of the lake; Warroad, on the southwestern edge of Roseau County; and Fort Frances, where Rainy Lake meets Rainy River in falls that are an obstruction to navigation to all but a few of the steamers.

When the Manitoba & Minnesota Railway comes, and when titles to the land are earned, Warroad promises to be a brisk and flourishing community. It has the fundamental capital of unbounded energy, and will be an important lumbering town, as Rat Portage is, and a trading center of considerable business.

—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

North Dakota Lands.

The immense amount of land filed on during the past year or so in North Dakota would seem, to those unacquainted with its area, applied locally, to have nearly exhausted that which is open to settlement, but such is not the case. In Nelson County there still remain a few quarters of land, and good land at that, which are going at a rate that will soon put it out of the market so far as the Government is con-

cerned. Even with the land all taken up, the county has room for any number of good farmers, and will have for some years to come.

Within the past two weeks five men who have capital have been making inquiries of local dealers, with the result that three of them have purchased farms ranging from 160 to 500 acres.

Regarding other portions of the State, and more distinctly the western portion, W. W. Jermaine, the Washington correspondent of the *Minneapolis Journal*, says:

"North Dakota has twenty and a half million acres of public lands, and in addition about three million acres of reservations for Indians. Most of the western part of the State still belongs to the public domain, but in the eastern half the amount of public land diminishes rapidly, and in the James and Red River valleys there is hardly any left. Government reports say that in the western part of the State, where irrigation is most needed, there are only limited areas where water can be easily secured.

The Missouri River is so far below the surface of the arable land, and has so slight a fall, that its waters can be diverted only with difficulty and at great expense. It is recommended that storage reservoirs be built along some of the Missouri's tributaries flowing from the north, and this may be done at some future day. East of the Missouri the main dependence is upon artesian wells, which in North Dakota promise to be of immense benefit to agriculture. It is said that in time much public land along the Missouri south of Bismarck will be watered in this way."—*Lakotah (N. D.) Herald*.

Diversified Farming in North Dakota.

The following interesting article on diversified farming in North Dakota was written by J. B. Power of Power, N. D., for publication in the *Fargo Record*. Mr. Power is one of the best known and most extensive stock farmers in North Dakota, and what he says is both timely and valuable:

Of late, Mr. Power says, I am receiving many letters from parties in Iowa and other States, wanting some specific information regarding the present and future agricultural development of our State, particularly so with reference to its adaptability to diversified farming and stock-raising, including dairying, the opportunities open for settlement, price of land, etc.

The great majority of the writers recognize our State as being a natural and profitable wheat-growing country, but seem to doubt its adaptability to anything else.

That is a natural, but mistaken idea, because nearly all the written and illustrated articles regarding North Dakota have been descriptive of the so-called bonanza farms, until outside readers think of our State as a vast wheat-field of immense estates, farmed by the Grandins, Dalrymples, and a few others with great armies of men and teams; and the men of moderate means, who have diversified farming in view, are practically shut out. This erroneous idea has in my opinion done more to retard settlement of our State than any other cause.

Facts from official statistics will tell the true story. Our State has an area of some 74,300 square miles. About one-fourth of it, including the Red River Valley, is without question one of the best wheat-producing countries in the world, soil and climate conditions assuring many years of profitable cultivation to that important and valuable cereal. The wheat district is in the eastern part of the State, and the larger half of it is correctly considered as best adapted to the culture of, and is mainly devoted to, the raising of wheat; but at the same time it is

more extensively used for general farming and stock-raising than is usually supposed.

In this one-fourth part of the State, not quite two-thirds of it is taken up, and we find in its boundaries 23 038 farms covering 6,760,000 acres, of which 4,498,000 acres are in cultivation, the rest being used for pasture and meadow. The average area under cultivation for each farm in this entire district, including all the bonanza farms, is only some 195 acres. This certainly disproves the idea that we are a State of bonanza farms only.

Statistics show what is being done in this district outside of wheat, the reported products of these farms for the past year being, in round numbers, as follows:

Wheat, 38,600,000 bushels; corn, 998,000 bushels; potatoes and other roots, 1,721,000 bushels; native hay and tame grasses, including millet and Hungarian, 819,700 tons; in berries and small fruits, 1,670 acres; oats, barley and rye, 15,130,000 bushels; flax, 3,000,000 bushels; cattle, 131,000 head; sheep, 64,700 head; hogs, 58 800 head; poultry products sold, \$106,300; garden products sold, \$13,600; wool clip, 356,700 pounds; butter and cheese sold, from family dairies, 3,307,500 pounds; milk sold to private families, \$43,500.

Comment on these statistics is unnecessary, except to emphasize the statement that wheat is not the only dependence of the North Dakota farmer. Within the district from which these products were raised the last year is ample room for expansion for all of them.

The central and western part of the State, being higher and more rolling than the eastern part, is better adapted to stock than to grain-raising; yet in every county are lands that are being cultivated with profit; but the character of the soil, the grasses, and the climatic conditions are such as to always insure good pasture and hay, and the raising of live stock, principally cattle and sheep, will be the dominant industry in that part of the State.

There are now splendid opportunities here for those wanting to go into that business. We have at least 35,000,000 acres of native grasses, as nutritious as the best that is cultivated, only a small part of them now being used by stockmen for summer grazing of their herds, the greater part of this great, rich grass-producing area not being used at all, but allowed to go to waste every year, rotting on the ground, or burned by prairie fires. Last year there were but some 250,000 head of cattle and the same number of sheep in that part of the State. There is room for ten times as many, without crowding anyone.

There need be no fear of not making a good profit in the business of stock-raising in North Dakota, where it is properly handled, either on a large or on a small scale, with or without dairying as an adjunct; and I say this as the result of an experience of eighteen years of cattle-raising on my farm in Helendale, in Richland County. The climate is very healthful for all kinds of stock, as it is for man. Our losses in the eighteen years from disease does not warrant the payment of two per cent a year for insurance. The native grasses are great beef-producers; our pasture gains on one, two, and three-year-olds (determined by weighing in and out), have ranged from 240 to 330 pounds in the six months from May 1 to November 1. In fall feeding for the block, with native grass, hay, corn, and roots of our own raising, with

the help of cotton-seed or flaxseed meals, we have made on lots of twenty steers, in sixty-and ninety-day periods, gains of three and one-third to four pounds per day, making money on the grain over the cost of the feed, as well as on the increased value of weight when commencing to feed. The best farms and the best native food in Iowa, Illinois, or Kentucky can not do better.

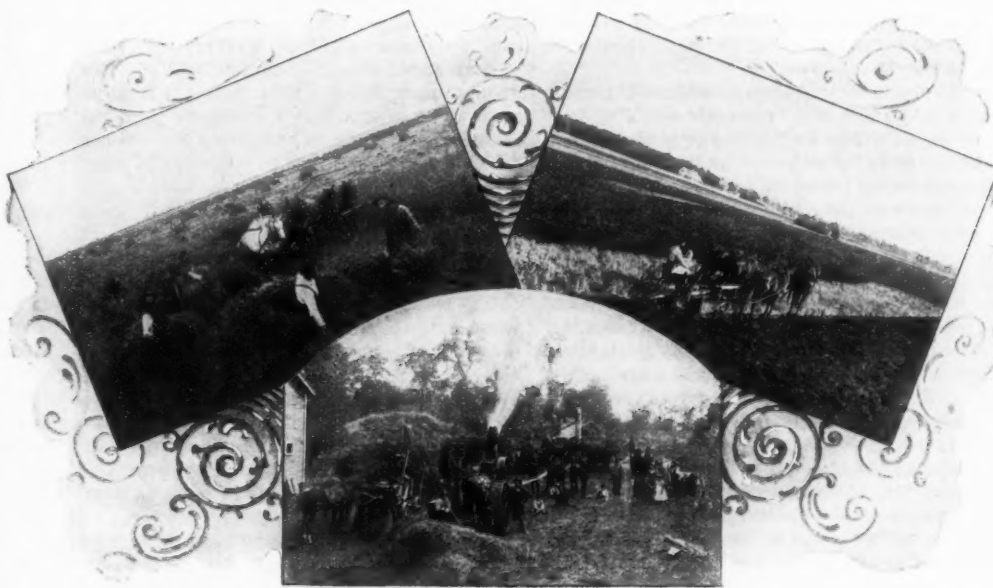
The essentials for assured and maximum profits in the cattle business here are the same as elsewhere, i. e., well-bred stock, necessary buildings for protection from storm and excessive cold, and plenty of feed all the year round. With the same class of stock and the same care given it in the States I have named, the margins of profit are greater than in those States. During the winter months it is not the place for stock to shelter behind barbed-wire fences and depend upon a rustle for a living. The man who tries to raise livestock that way in North Dakota will, and ought to, go "broke," and also should be sent to the "pen" for cruelty to dumb animals.

The conditions now governing the cattle industry of the United States, namely, a smaller

partial payments until the full price has been paid. In some favorable years the share of the crop has paid for the land in one or two years. On medium-priced lands one can feel a reasonable assurance of making his land clear in four years. The Government lands open for entry are mostly in the central and western parts of the State, and can be taken under the Homestead Law.

The main and the branch lines of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the "Soo," the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Northwestern railroads, now well covering the State, afford easily accessible outlets to terminal markets; and at all stations are found elevators for the handling of grain, facilities for loading live stock, as well as local markets for the by-products of the farm.

The space allotted to this article prevents only general reference to the dairy interests of the State; but I can say that the experience of those engaged in it, both in butter and cheese factories and in family dairies, has been eminently satisfactory. Our fine native grasses, so rich in their beef-producing qualities, are equally so in milk-producing quality, and, prop-



DIVERSIFIED FARMING IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Wheat, corn, barley, oats, rye, flax, native hay and tame grasses, potatoes and all kinds of roots and vegetables, together with berries, small fruits, sheep, hogs, cattle, horses, poultry, etc., are raised in North Dakota to perfection. It is an excellent dairy State, also. The old idea that naught but wheat could be grown there was exploded long ago; it simply rests with the farmers to sow and to plant whatsoever they wish to reap. Soil and sunshine are all that can be desired, the sunshiny days amply compensating for the occasional shortness of crop seasons.

number per capita than for the last twenty years,—nearly 10,000,000 head, about twenty per cent less than six years ago; all this great decrease in the face of a rapidly-increasing consuming population at home, and a steady and largely-increasing export-demand, with no important competition from other countries,—are factors that give an assurance of remunerative prices for many years to come; and there is no agricultural State in the Union that, under these conditions, offers so many inducements to stockmen as does North Dakota, with its healthful climate, abundance of meat-producing grasses, cheap land, and the cheapness with which winter feed can be raised.

Prices of land vary. Quality, proximity to towns and railroad stations, amount of improvements, etc., are all factors that determine prices. In the Red River Valley proper they range from \$15 to \$30 per acre; outside the valley, from \$5 to \$15. These lands are sold on easy terms of payment. Many of them can be bought on the crop-payment plan; that is, from one-third to one-half the crop will be taken as

perly made, North Dakota butter is already acquiring the same reputation for superior quality that has been gained for our spring wheat.

For more detailed information as to the special advantages and opportunities afforded by different localities in the State to intending settlers, I usually refer my correspondents to Hon. H. U. Thomas, commissioner of the department of agriculture and labor, Bismarck, N. D.

Further than this I will only say, after years of observation in other States, and years of residence and experience in this, that I know of no agricultural State in the Union that offers so many opportunities for success in life to the farmer, the mechanic, the laborer, or the capitalist, as can be found in North Dakota.

In this article I am not trying to boom any particular thing, nor is it written in the interest of any particular locality; but I am simply stating things as I know them, and as an answer to the general run of questions in letters to me from people who have the coming to North Dakota in prospect.

THE CHARITY OF ROCKY GULCH.

By Colon Kirkwood Cross.

Bill Morgan was dead and buried, and the only three females in Rocky Gulch—his wife and two little girls of five and seven—were left to mourn his loss. They had come from the East, only a few months before, to join the husband and father who so soon left them. He was a worthless sort of fellow, and all that he made in excess of what was required to supply the absolute necessities of his family, went over the gaming-tables. Hence the family was left destitute, and directly after the funeral a number of the citizens were discussing the matter in the Red Rock saloon.

"Somebody wants to interview that bereaved household to onest, an' see whatever things they're lackin' to run 'em proper," said Dick Dawson. "The lady may be some backward about lettin' us provide for 'em, but whoever does the investigatin' has got to talk her out of that way of thinkin'."

"I don't reckon there'll be much trouble about that part of it," remarked Jeff Witherill. "If she's any like the females I've been afflicted with, she'll be willin' to let us help her out some without protestin' very violent."

"That's an unfeelin' way to talk about new-made widders an' orphans, an' its somethin' you don't know nothin' about, anyway," Dick replied.

"Prob'ly not," Jeff answered. "Only havin' been inveigled up to the altar five times, besides livin' a few years among the Mormons, I don't s'pose my experience counts for nothin' at all."

After a short discussion, Dick was selected to go on the mission of charity; so he wended his way to the little cabin in which the Morgan's lived. Mrs. Morgan, a pretty, ladylike woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, met him at the door with sorrowful face. She invited him to enter and be seated, and Dick at once stated his object in calling on her.

"I'm depitized by this yere community," he said, "to see that your immegit wants is provided for, an' likewise that whatever may be needed through the winter is spoke for in advance. We ain't a-goin' to let you go without nothin' which you'd oughter have."

"You're very kind," the young widow returned, with a pitiful attempt to look cheerful. "It seems hard, though, that you should have to contribute to the support of those who have no claim on you; but, of course, I can't see my children starve, and, until I can find some means of supporting them, I must avail myself of your generous offer."

Dick was delighted at Mrs. Morgan's willingness to receive assistance, and he was deeply touched by the gentle admission of her dependence on their charity.

"Which is very sensible an' proper on your part," he replied. "An' now, if you'll jest kind o' sketch off whatever's wanted, I'll make an immegit rekisition for the necessary supplies."

"I hardly know what to say," she answered, timidly. "We have flour and bacon, with potatoes enough to last for some time, and I could live very well on that, myself; but, of course, the children get rather tired of such plain food."

"This camp," said Dick, solemnly, "has always bore a good reputation, an' it ain't a-goin'

to throw off on itself now by lettin' females, large or small, be moored to sech a diet as you refer to. How would it work for me to select sech an outfit of grub as I think will be approved of by growin' females of small dimensions, an' later on you can call for whatever I overlook?"

"That would be much the best way, and it's very good of you to propose it," Mrs. Morgan said; "but please don't be extravagant, Mr. Dawson, for we musn't be too heavy a burden on you and your kind friends."

"Whatever little chuck you folks consumes don't cut no figger, an' we shall take a heap of pleasure in seein' that you ain't shy of nothin' needed to keep you runnin' in good shape."

The poor woman seemed very grateful, and her looks told plainer than words, that whatever assistance might be rendered her would be duly appreciated. Dick now had to touch upon a more delicate subject, and was somewhat at a loss as to how it should be broached; but after a short pause he again addressed her:

"This camp also wants to stake you to whatever wearin' apparel you happen to be requirin', mum," he said; "an' female garb bein' somethin' we ain't no ways posted on, you'll natur'ly have to engineer that part o' the business yourself. Prob'ly you know where sech things is kept, an' the sooner you order what's wanted, the sooner it'll be here. You can send on a rekisition for the outfit, an' have the bill come to me C. O. D. Which I want to say previous to retirin', that the boys is anxious for you an' the little females to be rigged up becomin', so'st' Coyote Bar can't say we're any parsimonious; an' we respectfully hope that you'll upholster yourself an' offspring in a way to do us credit."

Mrs. Morgan thanked him again, and promised to send at once for what things were needed to make herself and the children comfortable and presentable. Dick was very proud of the successful manner in which he had accomplished the object of his visit, and returned to the Red Rock saloon in quite a happy frame of mind.

"There ain't nothin' onreas'nable about that lady," he said. "She didn't make no fuss at all about lettin' us throw in a little chuck to 'em, although she said what rough grub they had on hand was good enough for her. She don't seem to care much what she has herself."

"They ain't none of 'em dainty feeders at her age," Jeff Witherill observed. "When very young, an' well along in years, they're a good deal more discriminatin', an' take c'sider'ble int'rest in whatever they have to chew on; but at her time of life their minds is fully occypied with other things."

"I told her to send away and get some clothes an' things for herself an' the little females," Dick stated; "an' I said for her to rig up in good shape, an' give her to understand that we'd foot the bills, whatever they was, without no murmurin'."

"An' that's exac'ly where she'll get her deadly work in and give you fellers some insight into the ways of the sex," said Jeff. "If she don't make us dig down deep into our sacks when her plunder comes to hand, then her disposition's built a heap diff'rent from any of 'em

which I was ever shipmates with. R'member, I ain't a-kickin' none. My share of the drapin' an' decoratin' won't hurt me any. I've kept a full-rigged female in repair alone an' on-aided, frequent, an' pungein' up my pro raty to equip one which ain't well onto the ropes is nothin' but pastime for me."

"Whatever few things a woman an' two infants can occypy couldn't cost much, anyway," said Dick.

"If Providence had been so onkind to you as she has to me, you'd know a heap better'n that, Dick. There ain't no able-bodied female livin', between the ages of fifteen and fifty, which can't sink more money in fine raiment ev'ry six months than what would clothe the male population of this yere camp for the next ten years."

Some ten or twelve days later the stage arrived with two large boxes for Mrs. Morgan. They were accompanied by a bill made out to Dick Dawson, which was handed to him by the express agent. Without examining it, he proceeded directly to the Red Rock saloon, where quite an assemblage was gathered. He produced the bill, and Jeff Witherill was requested to examine it critically, in order to see if Mrs. Morgan had been fairly dealt with by the parties from whom she had purchased the goods.

"It's all straight an' reg'lar," Jeff said, after running it over carefully; "an' some things is c'sider'ble cheaper than they was a while back."

"What's the damage? What does it foot up?" Dick asked, carelessly.

"She's hit us a heap lighter than I reckoned she would," Jeff replied, "but it'll do all right for a starter. She ain't got fairly at herself yet. 'Less sec," he continued, glancing at the bill;—"it ain't but nine hundr'd an' seventy-two dollars, outside o' the express charges, which can't be more'n forty or fifty dollars more."

"What!" Dick exclaimed.

"Only nine seventy-two," Jeff said. "But, then, you onderstand this ain't nothin' but a enterin' wedge—sort of a feeler, as it were. Jest wait till Dick asks her what else she needs, an' she'll send in an order which will relieve the existin' depression in the dry-goods trade c'sider'ble."

"I reckon it's all right an' proper, but whatever is it females wears which comes so dear?" Dick asked.

"It's all on the bill," Jeff replied. "You fellers wouldn't onderstand it, nohow; but the things runs from ninety-cent calico wrappers up to a four-hundr'd-dollar sealskin sack. Ev'ry-thing's on the square, and we've been let down dead easy."

"How often do they have to be refitted?" Dick inquired.

"Most of 'em sheds ev'ry three months," said Jeff; "but as they git older, an' their charms begin to wilt, it costs a heap more to tog 'em out, an' they have to be more or less rebuilt themselves, too."

"How's that, Jeff?"

"Why, they jest natur'ly weaken in spots, like the hair an' teeth, an' them organs has to be replaced. Then their figgers gits onatisfactory, an' has to be remodeled; an' complexions requires constant attention, to keep 'em in workin' order. At this stage o' the game they're hard to git along with, in the sanctity of their homes; an' I never could bring myself to stop 'round an' study their peculiarities any further."

"You reckon, then, she'll levy on us for a new outfit in about three months?" Dick asked.

"Shore," Jeff retorted; "an' in the meantime she'll peruse a whole lot of literatoor bearin' on the subject of female wearin' apparel, which will have a tendency to cultivate her taste an'

give her an idea of what she'd reely oughter have. Then she's apt to surprise you fellers some when the bill comes in."

Jeff was very much mistaken, however, as to Mrs. Morgan's ideas on the question of dress; for although it was now only the middle of October, she told Dick that by making over some of her old dresses for the children, she should be able to get along nicely until spring without anything more in the dry-goods line. She also observed that she liked to get everything new at once, and do away with the old clothes altogether. She said that the first of April would be about the proper time to replenish the fam-

ily wardrobe, and she informed him that she would like it very much. Dick then told her that a purse would be made up at once to meet the expenses of the trip, and she could start whenever it suited her convenience.

The second morning after this interview she left on the stage, with a pleasant farewell to the crowd that witnessed her departure. She promised to write often, and to return very early in the spring. She kept her word, in regard to writing, but when spring arrived she decided at the last moment to remain permanently in her Eastern home. Her preparations were all made, and she was on the point of

tum is Epydemick. all of Us has got one or the uther of thes Malldys, and Our general helth is also pore. beasts of Pray surrounds the camp and makes nite higus with thare howls, and havin bartered all Our amynishun for food to prolong Our miserble Lives, We are at thare murey. the Nuneday Sun is ofen hid by clowds of buzerds wich hovers overhed a waitin for the End. If all of us is extinct wen you git here, you will find the Key to yore House hangin over Jack Miggs back bar, and plenty of Wud cut in the Shed. hopin You will cum to wunst,

"We are yors truly,

"RICHARD DAWSON."

"P. S. probly You had better Burn this letter after readin, becos it might have diseas Gurms clingin to it wich got rapped up accidentul and onintenshunul, havin bin wrote on the side of a Bed containin two partys, one of wich is broke out with Smalpox and the other has Ashyattic colery hopeless."

AN OLD MINER'S CHAT.

A miner, of long experience in the Western mining States, remarked to a representative of the Butte (Mont.) *Mining World*, the other day: "There is a marked difference between the way a pilgrim and an experienced miner approaches one for information respecting the conditions surrounding newly discovered placers. The miner will generally first ask how it prospects, whether from the grass-roots down, or only on the bed-rock; the fall of the ground to the sluice-box, the amount of water at command, the depth of the diggings, and the character of the bed-rock. He will wish to know the kind of wash-gravel, whether large or small, and whether it can be moved by water or must be moved out of the way by hand. These are his principal inquiries, and the drift of his talk will run upon these lines.

"If it be quartz that he is inquiring after, he will want to know the character of the country rock, the character of the wall rock, the dip or inclination and trend of the leads, width of gangue matter between walls, depth to water, and how much, and the amount of mining timber at hand. These are all essentials which the old placer or quartz miner wishes to know.

"But the newcomer or tenderfoot pursues a different, and sometimes very amusing, line of inquiries. I have been asked whether the country was 'hilly or level;' the price of meals in the neighborhood; how many families were around, and dozens of other questions which make an old miner tired. And all of them about a country in which a white man has scarcely been seen, and whose echoes wild beasts alone have awakened. Still, some of the men soon adapt themselves to their surroundings, and make good and successful miners. We were all pilgrims once, and didn't know the difference between the head of a sluice or the pole of a pick; or a stull from a stope; or forty-rod from the genuine stuff; but we learned by hard knocks, and so will the tenderfoot."

THE MOUNT HOOD LILY.—The Portland *Oregonian* says that a beautiful wild lily, that rises considerably above a man's head when in full bloom, is found in Oregon. Its English name is Washington or Mount Hood Lily, and it is found in the Willamette Valley and in the Coast and Cascade Mountains. Those plants that grow in the valley are small, but in the mountains specimens containing over 100 blossoms have been found. When conditions are favorable to its perfect development, it attains a height of more than six feet. Its bulbs have been exported to various parts of the world. It is queen of the flora of Oregon, and particularly abundant about Mount Hood, whence its name.



"Mrs. Morgan, a pretty, ladylike woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, met him at the door with a sorrowful face. She invited him to enter and be seated, and Dick at once stated his object in calling on her."

ily wardrobe, and, if the styles did not change, her sealskin sacque could be worn for several successive winters. As he left her, the widow thanked him for his kindness with such a sad, sweet smile, that Dick's conscience smote him when he thought of a plot which he had hatched to betray this gentle woman's confidence.

In the course of a week Mrs. Morgan had exhibited all her recently acquired finery upon the main thoroughfare of Rocky Gulch. She remained at home for a breathing spell, one afternoon, and Dick called on her. He asked her how she should like to spend the winter with her Eastern friends, and return to Rocky Gulch

starting for Rocky Gulch, when she received a letter from Dick Dawson, in reply to one of her own, which caused her to change her plans entirely.

This is the letter:

"Deer Madum: Yore letter cum to hand, and what thare is left of Us is anxchusly hopin' to see you sune; but things is not like thay use to be. the Diggins has all give out, and We are in redoosed surcumstances, havin' to subsist on Roots and the Bark of trees sence our money all went. the Camp has bin sum Sickly to, becos Smalpox is ragin violent, and a diseas which We think is Ashyattic colery and colery Infan-

RAMBLINGS MIDST MOUNTAINS, GLACIERS, AND WATERFALLS.

On August 2 a party of St. Paul and Minneapolis people started for Northwestern Montana to spend several weeks in what is known as the McDonald Lake section, a wonderful region of mountains, glaciers, and waterfalls in Flathead County. Prior to the excursion, the managers thereof issued a handsome booklet descriptive of the country to be visited, from which we reproduce the following:

The more one explores and studies that section of the Rockies lying in the Northwestern corner of the State of Montana, the author says, the more profoundly is one impressed by the amount and variety of instructive, beautiful, and wonderful objects and phenomena that center there. This section of the Rocky Mountains will become a much frequented summer resort, not only for lovers of delightful scenery and students of natural science, but also for those who need rest from the distracting and killing influences of the "maddening crowd."

The altitude of the lakes being but little over 3,000 feet above sea-level, the atmosphere is sufficiently dense to insure easy respiration and an abundance of oxygen, even to those whose lung capacity is somewhat diminished. Notwithstanding the moderate altitude, the air is as pure and bracing as can be found in the rarer atmospheres of much higher altitudes farther south. Oppressive atmospheric conditions are practically unknown about the shores of Glacier Lake. The great range of altitude in the immediate vicinity, and the varied exposures and influences resulting from the close proximity of high peaks, large snow-fields, deep valleys, and sun-warmed mountain slopes, insure so constant a circulation of the atmosphere that lifeless or unpleasant lung-food is unknown. Those conditions which aggravate catarrh, asthma, hay-fever, insomnia, and kindred ailments are "conspicuous by their absence." In their stead the air has an abundance of deliciously-blended balsamic exhalations from the coniferous forests, and is so delicately charged with ozone that it soothes, heals, and invigorates surely and rapidly. Those who for any reason prefer higher altitudes, can find close at hand whatever they may seek, even to a height of 12,000 feet above the sea.

Delightful camping-grounds, with extensive and charming mountain scenery, scientific problems without limit, timber for shelter, dry fuel for camp purposes, and feed for pack and saddle-animals, are abundant at altitudes ranging from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea-level, and all within a few miles of the head of Lake McDonald.

As we emerge from the dense forests of fir and cedar, and look northward across the sixteen miles which measure the length of this bewitching mountain mirror, our delight becomes intense. We are over three thousand feet above the level of the sea, breathing the most invigorating mountain air, and looking upon a body of water as clear as crystal and as pure as the Creator's chemistry can make it. The average width of the lake is between four and five miles, and its outline is quite regular for a mountain lake. The exact depth of the lake is unknown, though the guides tell us that a rope has been let down eighteen hundred feet without touching bottom. This charming body of water is completely girt by mountains, which rise on the southern portion of the lake to two thousand feet or more above the surface, and are forest clad to their summits. At the north end of the lake the mountains spring more abruptly from the general level and attain a

much greater altitude, their rocky, snow-dotted heights stretching well above the timber line. Between and beyond these peaks which rise so sharply near the head of the lake, we see other peaks, domes, walls, and ranges which an experienced mountaineer at once recognizes as much higher and more rugged than those nearer by. "Ah!" you exclaim; "there is real grandeur, yonder."

The views from the steamer Whitney as we speed northward are more than satisfactory—they are truly delightful. We are floating over a dark-blue mirror set in the floor of a mountain valley whose gracefully rising slopes of dark green conifers, flecked here and there with the lighter green of a few deciduous trees, are reflected with a delicacy of color and sharpness of detail almost as perfect as that which characterizes the real mountainsides. Few bodies of water give so clear and charming reflections as are seen in Lake McDonald. Its surface is entirely destitute of islands, projecting rocks, sand-bars, or shallows, and equally destitute of rushes and other vegetation. The beach of clear, polished gravel is so narrow and so sharply defined as to appear like a delicate ribbon drawn to indicate where the real forests end and the reflections begin. Among the reservoirs of the Rockies, Lake McDonald is clearly the queen.

Hotel Glacier, a plain but comfortable stopping-place at the east shore of the lake and about two miles from its head, furnishes accommodation for those who want to remain for a time at the lake, and is a good starting point for parties going into the mountains. There are comfortable cabin resorts, both at the head and at the foot of the lake. Saddle and pack-horses and guides are furnished at reasonable rates. From Hotel Glacier a seven-mile trail takes one to Glacier Camp in Beulah Basin, which is about 3,300 feet higher than the lake, or 6,500 feet above sea-level. This camping-place furnishes all the natural attractions and conditions necessary for a protracted stay. From Glacier Camp one may readily make other trips almost as interesting as that to the glacier itself; for the immediate vicinity is rich in gorges, valleys, lakes, fish, game, flowers, mosses, mineral springs, glacieroid snow-fields, picturesque passes, defiant peaks and commanding outlooks, and an hour's climb takes one over Comeau's Pass to the southern edge of Sperry Glacier.

This is in many of its features one of the most interesting and instructive sheets of snow and ice yet discovered in this or in any other country. It has a sinuous or serrated frontage of more than two miles, and a length of about five miles. Its highest and largest head is on top of Glacier Peak, one of the spinous processes of the continental backbone. The glacier gradually spreads out as it descends toward the northwest, and terminates near the lower border of an undulating amphitheater or mountain gallery about two or three miles in area. A mile or so from the front of the glacier, the lower border of this amphitheater terminates in an abrupt and startling precipice, having an average height of more than 3,000 feet. Over this the glacier once plunged into a great mountain pocket below, now known as Avalanche Basin. But the terminating edge or front of the glacier has gradually receded along the floor of the amphitheater till now, as above stated, it is nearly a mile back from the precipice, and the area thus abandoned by the glacier is thickly strewn with remarkable exhibitions of glacial erosion and deposits. Here one

may study, to one's heart's content, striking lessons in both ancient and recent glacial action.

The processes called planing, polishing, scratching, grooving, transporting, dumping, etc., have been going on here for centuries. Scattered over the glaciated field one may see groups of *roche moutonnées*, so recently finished and so finely formed that they almost seem to be alive and about to spring to their feet to run with the mountain goats, which one may actually see scampering away. Here are numerous moraines, both lateral and terminal, of all shades and of varying thicknesses, some already completed and covered with trees, while others are still growing. Countless mud-tinted rivulets are flowing from the lips of the glacier, eager to augment the half-dozen or more glacial torrents which, hastening to the brink of the amphitheater, plunge, roaring and hissing, down the head walls of Avalanche Basin, to glide quickly on into the gleaming waters of Avalanche Lake, a beautiful sheet of turquoise water which occupies a large part of the floor of that deep mountain pocket. Gaping crevasses bid one move cautiously. In their depths, beyond the limits of vision, the gurgle and plunge of many waters tell of the smiting of the sun's rays from above, and of the eroding power of rushing water below. The geologist will find, in examining this one unique body of ice and snow, nearly every glacial phenomena illustrated. In short, the Sperry Glacier, all things considered, is a remarkably instructive object lesson for students of glacial geology. It is a typical continental ice-sheet on a comprehensive scale.

This remarkable U-shaped valley or basin, which the Creator kept hidden away so long in this wild retreat, is about twelve miles from Lake McDonald, and, like many other things in Nature, must be seen to be appreciated. It defies satisfactory description; it demands personal visitation and inspection from all who would have a correct conception of its grand proportions, its impressive features, and its rare beauties. Down the lofty, precipitous face of the head wall of the basin numerous cascades and cataracts are leaping, gliding, dancing, plunging, each stream appearing in hurried strife to reach the lake first of all. The lowest notch through which a cascade breaks over the cliffs is nearly 2,400 feet above the lake.

We are looking up to rocky heights, some of which toy with the clouds nine or ten thousand feet above the sea. Some of the glacial streams from Sperry Glacier, in pouring over the crest of the basin walls, drop a thousand feet or more clear of the rocks, and then go sliding, leaping, tumbling, plunging on down the ragged walls into the valley. The view of the head of the basin from its foot is not only surprising, but inspiring and enchanting.

Avalanche Lake occupies the lower portion of the basin, and is a turquoise-blue body of water about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. Crowning the head of the lake is a fine, large grove of medium-sized balsam firs, under which, instead of brush and fallen timber, is a delightful carpet of moss, interspersed with little clumps of ferns, delicate trailing vines, and flowers. This mossy and flower-decked carpet helps to make an ideal spot for camping. The subdued roar of the distant cataracts, and the rippling laughter of the icy stream which flows only fifteen feet from the camp, mingled with the soothing murmur of the tree-tops and the gentle caress of the cool breezes,—ever laden with the healing perfume of the sheltering balsams, make sleep in Avalanche Basin as easy and as refreshing as that of a healthy child. The noise and bustle and cares of the busy world have never intruded

here. It is an ideal spot for one who wishes to withdraw from the haunts of man, for the quiet and recuperation which so many Americans sadly need.

From this camp excursions having all degrees of difficulty and interest may be made to such attractions as Cathedral Gorge, Moss-Rock Springs, Jasper Gorge, Terrace Pools, Floral Park, Monument Falls, the Matterhorn, Jr., the Castle, Mount Brown, Mount Helen, Goat Mountain, Mary Baker Lake, Mary Potter Lake, Sperry Glacier, Crest of the Continent, etc. Within five miles of Avalanche Basin camp are many peaks, nooks and recesses as yet unvisited by men.

The mountain peaks and valleys all about Avalanche Basin seem to bristle with taunts of defiance and bantering invitations. As one climbs about the inner slopes of the basin, at altitudes ranging from four to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and peers above and beyond the frowning walls, one cannot help wondering what marvelous scenes and interesting conditions may be nestled "just beyond that ridge," or "over that valley," or "on the other side of that majestic dome." One is constantly impressed by the fact that those unexplored regions offer rich reward to all who are fond of adventure and discovery.

Nestled between the various closely-huddled ranges and peaks of this region are scores of perpetual snow-fields, living glaciers, icy lakes, laughing streams, leaping cascades, stately waterfalls, labyrinthine gorges, mountain parks, flowery nooks, grassy slopes, capacious valleys and deep, dignified basins, each the habitual home or the occasional resort of such beasts, birds, or fish as find the conditions congenial.

North from Avalanche Basin, toward the British line, the scenery increases in ruggedness and grandeur. The mountain peaks are not only higher, more rugged, and more defiant, but they are also more interesting in geological structure, and more striking in form and color. This region has been appropriately named the "Crown of the Continent."

About fifteen miles northwest of Avalanche Basin are located Granite Park and camp in a beautiful grove by the side of a large spring whose pure, clear waters, even in August, have a temperature of only 36 degrees F. An hour's climb from this spring brings one to the Crown of the Continent, and to the upper edge of Grinnell Glacier. From this elevation one looks eastward across miles of tumbled foothills, and over a chain of glistening lakes, well out onto the vast plains, which stretch so forestless and monotonous from the eastern slope of the Rockies across the greater part of Montana, all of North Dakota, and into Minnesota.

A few miles northwest of Grinnell Glacier, over an old Indian trail, Ahern's Pass is reached, and its snugly-sheltered glacier. From this



A WONDERFUL REGION OF MOUNTAINS, GLACIERS, AND WATERFALLS IN NORTHWESTERN MONTANA.

"Nestled between the various closely-huddled ranges and peaks of this region are scores of perpetual snow-fields, living glaciers and leaping cascades."

pass, as from two or three others in the vicinity, one may see, gleaming in the sunlight, whole mountainsides of red jasper quartzite protruding through the larger area of forest green.

On the trail of Chaney Glacier an extensive overgrown landslide is crossed, where, for a width of three-quarters of a mile, long ago some mighty avalanche swept every tree and jutting rock before it, the space being now covered with a thick underbrush. From an opening, looking back down a distance of about eight miles, one may see beautiful falls plunging over a perpendicular wall over two thousand feet high, evidently draining some vast unexplored glacier partly visible above the falls and carefully guarded by the towering crests of the main range of the Rocky Mountains.

A little west of Ahern's Pass is Chaney Glacier, the second largest ice-sheet in this region. It is about one and a half by two miles in area, with its foot tightly wedged into a narrow and deep gorge, where it melts during only a few months in the year, but yields when melting a glacial torrent whose turbid waters are seen pushing, like smoke from a cannon's mouth, far out into the clear waters of a lake which lies a full half-mile perpendicularly, and less than a mile horizontally, from the end of the glacier. Perhaps a mile from the north side of Chaney Glacier, Summit Lake is snugly perched on a shelf some 8,000 feet above the sea, tightly embraced for about one-third of its circumference by Crescent Glacier, which, during the warm season, contributes an abundance of icebergs to float like a "white squadron" upon the surface of the Lake of the Clouds.

A mile farther, Baby Glacier clings to a broad mountain ledge, with its front hanging over the edge of a sheer precipice at least 1,000 feet in height. Down this steep, perpendicular wall great masses of ice and snow may occasionally

be seen plunging, to be dashed into fragments on the rocks below.

Pyramid Peak is situated about seven miles to the north of Chaney Glacier. It stands at the head of a beautiful valley which lies four thousand feet or so below the level of the glacier.

In a view from an elevation of three thousand feet, we look down upon a cascade and waterfall plunging over a shelf which at one time might have formed a mighty Niagara over eighteen hundred feet high. The streams from these two beautiful falls join and enter into a lake of transparent clearness which is seen in a grassy valley several hundred feet below the table, onto which they spend their fall.

All true lovers of nature, and all who feel the need of her special ministries, will, when mus- ing in the Lake McDonald Country, feel the force of the words of nature's own poet:

"Stranger, if thou has learned a truth
Which needs no school of long experience,
That the world is full of guilt and misery,
And hast seen enough of all its sorrows,
Orimes and cares to tire thee of it,
Enter this wild wood and view the haunts of nature;
Its calm shade shall bring to thy disturbed mind
A kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance,
Shall waft a balm to thy faint heart;
Thou shalt find nothing here of all
That pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life."

FINE ALFALFA FIELDS—Smith River Valley, at an altitude of over five thousand feet above the sea, seems to have the finest alfalfa fields in Eastern Montana this season. The fields on this valley are remarkably fine and even, but the reports from most of the other valleys on the eastern slope of the mountains say that the fields of this plant are more or less spotted, the plant having winter killed. So says the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman* of White Sulphur Springs, Mont.



The Corpse Waited.

The death of a man unknown, without friends and money, recalls an instance which happened in this county some years ago, says the Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle*.

An unknown Swede died penniless. It was the work of a few minutes to take up a subscription and raise enough money to buy him a plain pine coffin, dig a grave, and have him decently interred five miles away.

The grave was dug according to contract, and the remains were placed on a wagon to be hauled to the graveyard, the payment therefor to be \$3.00.

About two hours afterward, the two men in charge of the corpse returned with their burden and informed the committee that the funeral would stop right where it was, unless they were paid \$5.00.

It seems that they had proceeded within a mile of the grave, when they fell to discussing the price they were to get. They both concluded that they had taken the job too cheap. And so it turned out that they came back with the body, four miles, to demand \$5.00, which they got.

Justice as it is.

An amusing instance of befuddled justice came to pass in the township of Equality in this county last week, states the Red Lake Falls (Minn.) *Courier*.

It seems that Tom Qvale's horses trespassed on his neighbor Skijen's land, whereupon Mr. Skijen, after some little skirmishing, caught the horses, put their bridles on them, and led them to the town pound. But the road to the pound led past Qvale's place, and the valiant Thomas issued forth, as Skijen was passing, and, being a larger man, not only rescued the horses, but took the bridles off and struck Skijen over the head with them, uttering cuss words in four different languages.

Mr. Skijen came at once to Red Lake Falls to obtain aid from the strong arm of justice. But the proper authorities here refused to listen to his tale of woe, assured him that justice was blind to small matters, and Ole went home disgusted with city law and county authorities.

On his application to a justice of the peace in his own town, Qvale was arrested, bound over to keep the peace "the rest of his natural life," fined \$12.00 and a keg of beer, and ordered to go to Skijen's place and help drink the beer. As Qvale is under bonds to keep the peace, and hence can't fight, Skijen threatens to club him when he comes for the beer. This is a true tale.

Out of the Klondike.

Out of the frozen Northland come many gladdening stories of successful quest for gold. The far-away fields of the Yukon, ice-bound in winter and glittering with yellow metal under a summer's sun, do not withhold their precious treasures from all. There are those that go thither only to suffer every privation in vain—men who venture their all on one throw of the dice, and for whom luck forever holds a blank. The fortunate ones rejoice; the others return to

their homes in despair. Of the former, a shining example is seen in Mr. J. A. Westby of Minneapolis, a brother of Mr. Sever Westby, who is a popular druggist on Dayton's Bluff, in St. Paul. He went to Dawson a little over a year ago, daring all the privations of the trail and the rigors of climate, for the sake of wresting from the gold-strewn sands a competence for himself and his loved ones.

It was not all smooth sailing. He waited, toiled, endured hardships, and doubtless oft-times grew discouraged, just as other men have; but the fickle goddess smiled at last, and then he began to hoard gold, and to think of the joy and comfort it would bring to his family in distant Minnesota. He worked on until several thousand dollars' worth of the metal had been accumulated—worked and was happy.

But there is something in good fortune that makes us wish to share it with our friends. It is the hardest thing in the world for a really good man to keep his happiness to himself; he wishes to let others know of it, and he is all impatience until they do. Thus it was with Mr. Westby. He had done well; he had wealth in those sacks before him, and he longed to take it back to his wife and family, that they too might be made light-hearted. So he packed his nuggets, and started on the long trail to the States again. When his visit comes to an end he will return to the Klondike to wash out more gold, for it is understood that his claim is full of rich promise, and that he may reasonably expect to clean up a very snug fortune in the near future. He and his kin are loved and respected by all who know them, and there isn't one who does not rejoice with him over his well-merited prosperity.

The Passing of the Lumber-Jack.

Following close on the heels of Lo the poor Indian came the lumber-Jack, whose mission it was to fell the forests and prepare the way for the husbandman who would subdue the soil. Now the conquest of the continent is almost over, the triumphal march of civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific is complete, the telegraph and the railway have turned months into days, and the vanishing forests admonish us that soon Jack and his glory will alike have departed.

Who that has seen him in large numbers on our northern streams fare forth from his wangan at break of day with a bateau fleet, and, armed with pike and peavey, do battle with willful and truant logs along the shore, riding them as a cowboy would a broncho, has not recalled the pictured naval warfare of Greeks and Romans in their galleys of long ago? asks *Bede's Minnesota Budget*. And he has been as brave, and served the world as well, as they. Ulysses never heard siren song so sweet and mournful as the sighing of the forest, and the riches of the Golden Fleece were nothing to the riches Jack has brought to the pine barons of our land and time.

But the world moves on, and he must go. And he may sing with Byron to his own true love,

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find."

The frontier that we so long have boasted has passed away; the Atlantic and the Pacific are joined with iron bands, and soon will mingle their waters at the Isthmus. Nor has the conquest stopped at continental bounds, but the nations of earth salute our stars in Oriental skies. So we must bid adieu to the pioneer—to Kit Carson, to Daniel Boone, and to our own long-loved and still lingering lum-

ber-Jack. But a few years, and his spiked shoes will bite our walks and paths no more, and the sawdust will be swept from our parlor floors forever.

It will be another world when he is gone. Not then can the delinquent debtor say,

Just charge this up on the books if you will,
Till I happen ag'in in town;
For I've nary a cent, nor a dollar bill,
But I'll pay when the logs come down.

Nor will our language be enriched in the future as it has been in the past by these step-children of the forest, whose very profanity seems to fertilize our mother tongue. New conditions require new words to express the feelings and emotions, and therefore it is in the lumber-and mining-camps, and among cowboys and pioneers, that the ear is most often struck with vigorous words of local mintage.

So we regret your going, Jack; for you've been with us long and served us well, and 'tis ill that we can spare you even now. It isn't for the size of your laundry-bill that we say this, for most of your washing is done with your clothes on, you must know; but we like you for your human nature and your gentle ways, and the spirit with which you ride the rolling, bucking critters on the drive. Yet, when all is said, we like you best because you're not a nine-spot, but always "Jack," and first cabinet officer to the king.

An Impressive Burial Service.

"Nearer, my God to Thee, nearer to Thee," sang the Salvation Army lassies on the street, and Harry Campbell, mayor of Anvil City, leader of the committee of safety of all the Cape Nome Country, standing six feet four and a half inches in height, stopped and listened.

"Tho' like the wanderer, the sun goen down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,"

they sang, and Campbell, tossing a dollar on the drumhead, brushed his hand across his eyes, and said under his breath to himself, "My rest a stone;" then, aloud, "Come on, let's move. Ah, me, there's many and many a poor boy in that God-forsaken, desolate country sleeping tonight his last long sleep, his head pillowed on the rocks, his shroud the snow and ice.

"Do you know the last time I heard that song?" he said. "Of course you don't, but I'll tell you. It was when we buried poor Phil Grattan, Peter Peltier, and Ezra Carr in the same grave.

"They had all struggled along with us, and one by one they had fallen by the wayside. We put them on sleds, and pulled them into camp. Phil Grattan I knew before I went to the Klondike. Failure after failure had been his, and the wife and baby at home were getting along. God knows how, when Phil went down with the scurvy.

"He was bad. From the first, we almost knew we could never save him, but we talked him up, as miners will do, and kept him alive. The other men were in two different tents, and all we could do was to see them once in a while, and send them grub.

"One night I had just crept into my sleeping-bag," said Campbell, "when Phil called to me. Without getting out of my bag, I rolled over to where he was lying.

"'Harry,' he says, 'I'm going to die tonight.'
"'Don't be a fool,' I answered: 'think of the wife and baby at home. Pull through. You're all right.'

"'I can't' he said; and he handed me two little letters, all folded up, with: 'See that my wife and baby get them.'

"To tell the truth, I didn't think he was dying, and I rolled over in my bag and went to sleep. Just when the dawn comes down here—

for you know part of the year is all daylight and part all night up in Alaska—just when the dawn should have come, a man kicked me and said, 'Phil's dying.'

"I hustled out of my sleeping-bag, and took a look at him.

"Understand me, sir; men in Alaska get to know death. They look into a man's face, and know whether he has been called or not. On the trail, in the blinding blizzard, in the icy creek, when the boat is overturned, you see men's faces, and you learn to read whether death or life is written there. Many a poor fellow you pull out of the drift or stream in that country, and know, when you get him to your tent, that, do all you can, he must die. It's hard, hard to see men die about you and not be able to lift a finger to save them!

"But about Phil. He died that morning, and so did the other two men in the other tents. About noon we went out with our picks, and dug a grave for the three of them.

"There was no minister, and we had no prayer book, but I had a Bible given to me years and years ago by my old mother. Not that I kept it to read, for I did not read it, but I kept it with my kit because she, my mother, gave it to me.

"After we had dug the grave as deep as we could in the frozen ground, we put the bodies in and covered them up, and on top of the mound we poured water until it froze a thick crust over the earth, so as to keep the dogs and wolves from digging up the bodies.

"Then I read a part of a chapter from my Bible, that I knew where to find. I don't remember it all—maybe you do, but it says: 'Then shall the body return unto the dust, and the spirit unto God, who gave it.'

"After reading the Bible, we all gathered around the grave and sang, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and then we went back to our tents and our work, and left the poor boys sleeping there in a frozen tomb, their pillow a stone.

"When I heard the Salvation Army lassies singing, I was reminded of the thing."—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

The Story of Wild Bill.

Not having much business on hand, the officers at the county attorney's headquarters, and those who sometimes make the place their temporary headquarters while resting from the effects of a hard legal battle in court, were in a reminiscent mood the other day. Among the latter was an old attorney who has for many years followed fleeting fortune wherever it led, sometimes biting off a liberal chunk of it en route, but more often letting it slip through his grasp. He recounted the various Western stampedes in which he had been a participant, and the vicissitudes of life incident thereto. Being an old-timer, he possessed a fund of stories of early days on the frontier and in the mining-camps.

Among the other stampedes in which he engaged was the one to the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1875-76. After speaking of the general conditions that existed in the Hills in the seventies, he brought up the subject of the assassination of Wild Bill, whose true name was William Hickok. He had a great admiration for Bill.

"It is just twenty-three years ago today," said he, "that Bill was shot and killed by a scoundrel known as Jack McCall; but the assassin did not live long to gloat over his deed. Bill had been a scout in the Union Army during the Civil War, and as such had had many narrow escapes. He was a dare-devil fellow, and would fight at the drop of the hat if he had anything worth fighting against him. After the Civil War he came West and engaged in

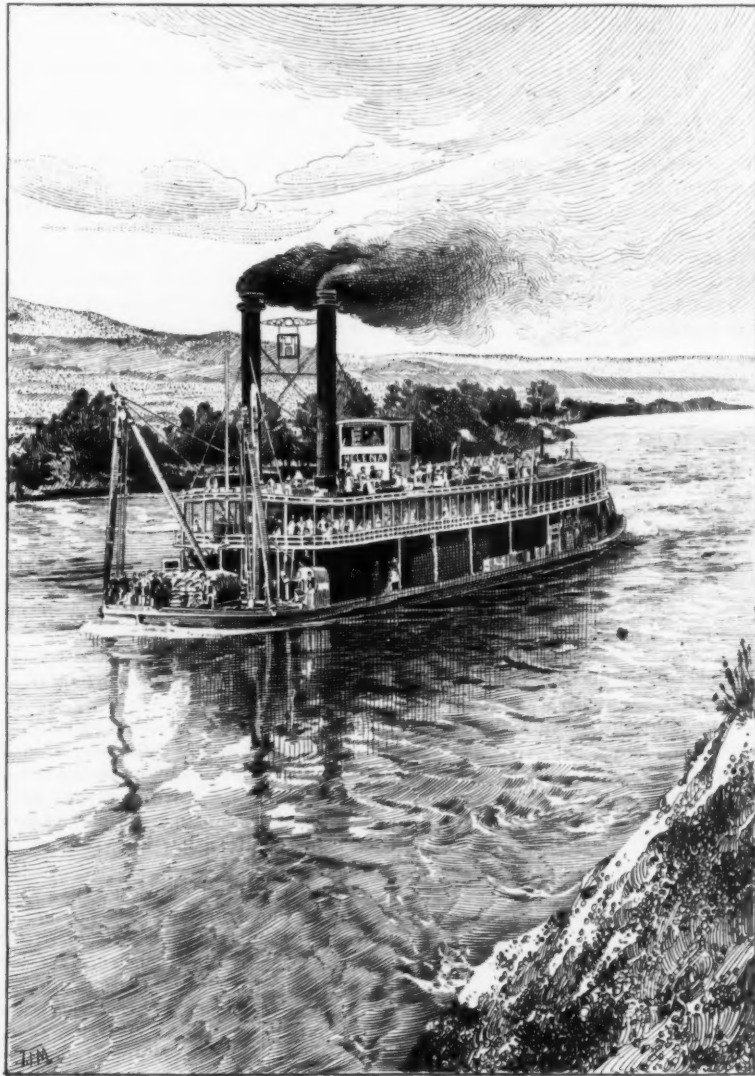
work against the Indians, being a partner of Buffalo Bill Cody in many of the exploits of the latter on the frontier. When the Black Hills gold excitement broke out, Wild Bill joined the stampede and landed in Deadwood early in the game.

Like nearly all frontiersmen, Bill liked to play poker, and after arriving in the Hills he frequently played at the game. On August 2, 1876, he, Captain Massey and one or two others were seated at a table in Cool & Mann's saloon playing, when a ruffian, Jack McCall by name, slipped up behind him with a large revolver, and shot him. The bullet entered the back of

ting out of the country, as Bill had friends there who would have killed him in short order had an opportunity offered.

From Deadwood he went to Laramie, and there boasted of his deed, and said his story about Bill having killed his brother was a fake; that he never had a brother. As the Deadwood court was only a fake concern itself, McCall was arrested at Laramie and taken to Yankton, the Territorial capital, where he was given a legitimate trial, and hanged for his crime.

"The body of Wild Bill was buried in the old cemetery on the hillside, but the town grew into the place of burial, and Bill's body, with



ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

In years gone by, much more than at the present time, steamers used to ply the waters of the Upper Missouri frequently, the voyage being regarded as one of exceeding interest. Light-draft steamers run as far as Ft Benton and Helena, Mont. The scenery is diversified and very picturesque, the great river winding its way through prairies, plains and mountains, past scenes that are now historic.

his head, came out in front, and broke one of Captain Massey's arms. Bill fell dead, and the assassin backed out of the room, with the gun in his hand, daring anyone to molest him. He then walked up and down the opening, which afterwards became a street, exhibiting similar manifestations of his disapproval at interference; but by and by he became tired, and surrendered to a crowd of men.

"At that time old Jack Langrishe, well known in Montana, had a theater in Deadwood, and the house was speedily transformed into a court-room. McCall was tried and acquitted on the claim of McCall that Bill had killed his (McCall's) brother. McCall lost no time in get-

others, was exhumed, three years after the fatal shot had been fired, and re-interred farther up the hill. It was petrified. A wooden headboard bearing the inscription 'William Hickok (Wild Bill), killed by the assassin, Jack McCall,' marked the grave, but it was afterwards cut to pieces by tenderfoot relic-hunters. Later a stone monument was erected over the grave. To the name of the dead man on the wooden headboard was added the sentence:

"'Good-bye, pard. We will meet in the happy hunting-grounds, to part no more,' and to the whole was added the name, 'Charles Utter, alias, Colorado Charley.'"—*Butte (Mont.) Inter Mountain.*



Hit Him for Pie.

Two little tots were kneeling at their mother's knee saying the Lord's Prayer. The older one was repeating it after his mother, and as she reached the part that reads: "Give us this day our daily bread," what was the mother's astonishment when his brother exclaimed:

"Hit him for pie, Johnny! Hit him for pie!"
—*Junestown (N. D.) Alert.*

An Ambiguous Reply.

In a divorce case at Cooperstown, says the Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*, there was quite a laugh created in court by an answer of the plaintiff to a question of her attorney.

The fair witness told a harrowing tale of how her husband had assaulted her, striking her, and finally putting her out of doors and telling her to "go to the devil."

Her attorney, anxious to bring out all the facts, asked:

"And where did you go then?"

The plaintiff quickly replied:

"I came straight to Cooperstown to you."

And the laugh is on the attorney.

The Porter's Mistake.

A Boston lady of great respectability was recently traveling through North Dakota, a rigid prohibition State, and in the dining-cars this notice was posted:

"No intoxicating liquors will be served while the train is passing through the State of North Dakota."

The train had been rolling along a long time, when the Boston lady finally came into the dining-car for her dinner. Casting her eyes out of the car window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she said to the waiter, with purely geographical interest:

"Are we still in North Dakota?"

"No, ma'am," said he alertly; and then, with a hospitable grin, "what'll you take to drink, ma'am?"

Love Awaits You.

The *Localizer* is in receipt of a lengthy poem entitled "Love Awaits You," signed "Beatrice." Beatrice, dear, let us breathe a few things in your little ear. Know, dear child, that in the scale of comparative values established by the wisdom of the world, making preserves ranks high above making poetry, even so good poetry as yours. (May the recording angel here drop a tear!) The bounding iambs and the mellifluous dactyl are good enough in their way, but they're not filling, Beatrice; they are not filling.

"Love Awaits You," Beatrice—Love with great, tender eyes and a bristly mustache; but, believe us, fair one—that love will curl its heart-strings more closely around a jar of raspberry jam or a loaf of plain bread than it will around a poem on the grand passion.—*Ellensburg (Wash.) Localizer.*

St. Paul's Lazy Club.

The Lazy Club is not, sui generis, a St. Paul institution. Other cities have them. The international headquarters are at Philadelphia. A member of the St. Paul section recently contributed—in a sitting posture—some facts concerning its membership. He said:

"There are twenty-seven of us, all told. And we are tolled often enough. This is one of the

prohibited jokes of the club. It requires something of an effort to see the point. I was fooled yesterday by you newspaper folk. They told me that there was a machine in the *Globe* office that set type. Glad to know that a certain amount of work had been done away with, I dropped in to your elevator and was shunted up into the fourth story. The machine was a fraud. Found a man working it. Was disgusted. Received a report from our Omaha branch last week. They have just buried a member. Buried him alive."

"Alive!"

"Yes. You see the citizens got sore on him because he had conscientious scruples against working, and were carting him away to the cemetery. 'What are you going to do with that man?' asked an inquisitive cuss on Dodge Street."

"'Bury him,' replied the committee."

"'What for?'"

"'Oh, he hasn't got nothing to eat in the house.'"

"'Well, hold on,' said one of the citizens; 'I hate to see a man treated that way.'"

"'Well, what you going to do about it?' asked the committee, stopping the cart."

"'Why, I'll give him a bushel of hickory-nuts to live on until he can do better.'"

"'Our brother raised his head, looked over the side of the cart, and inquired:'"

"'Are they cracked?'"

"'No,' said the philanthropic citizen; 'but you can crack 'em.'"

"'Drive on, boys,' said our truly loyal and consistent brother. And so they buried him. I was out to White Bear Lake to see my aunt last Sunday, but there was too much Sabbath-breaking in that family, so I came away."

"How so?"

"I thought everything was all right, but on going down cellar after an iced watermelon, I ran across a half-dozen bottles of preserved peaches. I was horrified."

"What startled you?"

"They were working."—*St. Paul Globe.*

His Citizenship in Contempt.

Judge Frank Henry came over from Livingston the other day to listen to the music of the Sourdough as its waves swashed and soloed upon the shores of time; he also came over to place his ear to a law-suit, so that he could hear it demur.

His presence reminds us that while this eminent judge was recently holding court in Meagher County, the wheels of justice were rough-locked by the absence of a witness whom the judge particularly cautioned to be within call. The testimony of this witness was immaterial, but it appears that it was necessary to swear him, and impossible, for some reason, to proceed without doing so. The court waited, until finally the sheriff succeeded in rounding up the delinquent, and the chop-mill of justice started to grind out some bolted justice.

The witness, being placed upon the stand, was asked that customary question:

"Are you a native-born citizen of the United States?"

"I am," proudly replied the witness.

"Well, that is all; you are excused," added the lawyer.

Before the witness could step down, however, the judge, whose patience had been almost exhausted by the delay, turned to him and said:

"For reasons that must be obvious to you, the clerk is ordered to enter up a fine of \$10 against you."

The dazed witness was too full of amazement and speechless disgust to articulate, for a time, but, calling a lawyer outside, he said:

"Did you see that? Now, ain't this a nice

country? I went into court; was asked if I was a native-born American; said that I was, when the judge turned around and socked a ten dollar fine into me. I'll be eternally dog-gasted if I don't renounce my allegiance to a country which one can't call his own without getting it in the neck and being fined for it."—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

Silent Bill Strothers.

"Don't you believe that all the cowboys of the West waste their breath in yelling or talking," said the major, as he was telling of life on a ranch. "I've got a man named Bill Strothers who hasn't wasted a word since he was old enough to speak. Men who have chummed with him have told me that he would go three or four days without uttering a word. I'd been trying to find him for a year. One day I heard that he was over at Red Hill, and I rode over and found him sitting in the shade of a tree. He nodded to me as I got out of the saddle, and I sat down behind him and said:

"'Well, Bill, I'll give you \$50 a month to come over to the C. P. ranch. I've got a dozen herders who need a hard boss for a few months. I suppose you've got some private affairs to straighten up, and I'll give you a week to do it in. What do you say?'"

"I said all that, and perhaps more. Bill gave me a look of reproach, and slowly got up and mounted his cayuse. I thought I'd lost him, and in some anxiety I asked where he was going."

"'Ranch, of course,' he grudgingly replied; and he rode along side of me for thirteen miles without opening his mouth again."

"About eight months after he came to me I took a two days' ride in his company. In those two days I uttered just ten words, as duly recorded in my notebook; and those ten words were in regard to the body of a man we found hung up to a limb. I was mighty lonesome for a talk, I can tell you, but I started out with the intention to preserve my dignity. Bill muttered a 'Hump!' over the corpse, but let out no word. When we got back home I prided myself that I had won a medal, but, in the midst of my self-gratulation, in walks old Bill and says:

"'Major, I'm going!'"

"'But what's the trouble?' I asked. 'Anything wrong with the work?'"

"He shook his head."

"'Want a raise of wages?'"

"He shook it again."

"'You are not taking up a herd of your own?'"

"There was a third shake, and, drawing a long breath, as if about to do some desperate thing, Bill replied:

"'See hyar, major, I was out with you for two days, and you talked too darn much!'"

"I promised to better my record, laughed the Major, 'and I'm sure I've done it. I've spoken to him only twice in the last eleven years, and I know he thinks I ought to be President of the United States'"—*Duluth (Minn.) News Tribune.*

He Caught the Cow.

Francis Rotch, manager of the shingle department of the Simpson Logging Company, was out of the city last week. Inquiry at his office brought the information that he was down at "the mill." E. H. Lewis, however, tells another story. He says that Mr. Rotch is at the mill, all right enough, but that he went down there to fish.

"Do you know where Rotch's mill is?" remarked Mr. Lewis. "It is over in the Olympic Mountains. You reach it by steamboat, then by canoe, then by horseback, then by logging-road, then you walk four miles, and finally you slide down a canyon on a toboggan. In the

winter he uses a toboggan, and in the summer he has a parachute. Never mind how he gets the shingles out; that's Rotch's business. But the fishing is good."

Mr. Lewis feels that he has been slighted; for whenever Rotch goes to his Olympic Mountains mill, Mr. Lewis wants to go with him. On the Fourth of July a year ago, Messrs. Rotch and Lewis decided to spend the holidays fishing, and they went to an out-of-the-way place on the Pilchuck River. When darkness overtook them they came to a small, deserted cabin near a farmhouse, where they spent the night, rolled in their blankets. About two o'clock in the morning Lewis was awakened by the sound of a cow-bell near by. While he was trying to go to sleep again, Rotch suddenly sat up, strained his hearing, and then bounded out of the blankets and dodged out into the darkness as if he were pursued. At the door he stopped long enough to scoop up an empty quart tomato-can.

Lewis, thinking that Rotch had lost his mind, attempted to follow him. The long, white figure in the lead dodged about in the underbrush, and Lewis finally stubbed his toe on a root and fell flat. When he again got his bearings, Rotch was out of sight; and Lewis returned limping to the cabin, wondering what strange phantom Rotch was pursuing, and inwardly fearing lest he should never return. Lewis had heard Rotch say that he sometimes was given to walking in his sleep, but Rotch had never said anything concerning his nocturnal wanderings taking the form of foot-races en deshabille.

In about twenty minutes, however, Rotch came back, holding the tomato-can between both hands. He wore a heavenly smile on his face, and triumphantly remarked:

"By jinks, I caught her!"

"Caught who, asked Lewis, now almost convinced that Rotch had lost his mind, and he instinctively reached out for his fishing-rod case, determined to fight for his life should Rotch's malady assume a murderous shape.

"Caught the cow," said Rotch; "and I milked her, too!"

Rotch put the can of milk to his mouth, drank half, and then Lewis made the other half disappear.—*Seattle (Wash.) Lumber Trade Journal.*

The Old Homestead.

Quite recently we returned to the place that gave us birth—and still stands to perform the same service to others. It stood the shock of this momentous epoch in the history of our great men, and never wobbled once. Yes, we returned to reverentially gaze with uncovered head upon the noble pile from which we ushered out into life determined in ten years to scalp all the Indians on this great North American Continent; to be a multimillionaire just as soon as we could reach bed-rock, and to wear diamonds, as big as hen's eggs, on the rotunda of our bosom within the year. It was here, one morning in the bright springtime, that we issued forth with two large enameled grips and a lunch, and struck out for the bounding West, determined to come back nothing short of a senator, with an office to hang on the Christmas-tree for each of our companions. As we now gaze adown the long sage-brush vista of the past, the wonder is that we were not hung to some Christmas-tree. Only a scarcity of trees accounts for the deficiency.

Our home was all there. None of it had struck off down the pike to seek a world to conquer. We appeared to be the only one during the past thirty years who had embarked in the conquering business, and about all we had conquered was a taste for rich vlands. The old home

stood in its place. The storms had moaned and groaned around its gabled roof, the rains had descended, and the floods had beaten upon its battlements; and it was still there. No vandal had cut it up into pieces to make canes or other souvenirs.

It was never a large home, but, somehow or other, on this recent visit it seemed to have shrunk badly in the wash. It was not a full yard wide. We wondered if the present tenant had cut it down to conform to the surroundings. A friend who stood by and with moistened eye observed our reverential awe and took note of the flood of memory which overcame us like the reveries of a first love, feelingly remarked that the tenant seemed to be a man so busily engaged in the pursuit of victuals that he was utterly unacquainted with the history-makers of his day. "For instance," said he with a sigh, "he has never heard of you."

No, he had never heard of us. Our paths have diverged—his leading from the kitchen to the barn, ours to the wobbly but unwoollopable West. We started forth to take some of the wobble out of it, and to wrest it from the horde



"We had ventured into the vast, untamed and untenanted West to carve out a home and a career with a pocket-comb and a bulldog revolver."

of hungry and unaltered Indians infesting our frontier. We went West to grow up on bacon and sour-dough bread—when we could get even that;—we went to a land where there was nothing much to commune and mingle with but Nature, and that was too rugged and flinty for our digestive organs. We had ventured into the vast, untamed and untenanted West to carve out a home and a career with a pocket-comb and a bulldog revolver—which had an infirmity of purpose that occasionally caused it to leak at both ends. Being unable to guess which way it would go off, is what made the death-rate among our Indian tribes no greater than it was during our trip across the plains. With only these and a name, which is still good—at the post-office—we struck out boldly, and now look at us!

Time and again we have been tempted with office. But with a purpose as firm as a snubbing-post, we have declined the nomination—after the first ballot.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*

His Name was "Bones."

"I wasn't born cross-eyed or club-footed," said the man from Montana, as he made a vicious bite at the end of a fresh cigar, "and things have gone fairly well with me in a business way; yet there is one thing which never comes up to me without my feeling like committing-murder. My father named me 'Bonaparte.' As a child I was, of course, called 'Bony,' but as soon as old enough to get out into the street, the boys shortened that to 'Bones,' and Bones I am to this day. I'm telling you that no man who is Bill or Joe or Tom ever gets up in the world beyond a certain point. He may be known as a good fellow, but your familiarity with him loses him your respect, and you undervalue him. Let a man get a nickname after he has conquered fame, and it helps him; but people are not helping Jacks and Jims and Petes to Congressional honors or to governorships.

"That name 'Bones' excited ridicule and contempt. I licked fifty different kids for loading it on to me, but it stuck. I went to Sunday-school and day-school as 'Bones.' I went to college and to business as 'Bones.' If my name had been George, or Reginald, or Harry, people would have considered that I had feelings; but as it was, any old thing was all right for 'Bones.' No introduction was considered necessary. Being named 'Bones,' I must be a good fellow, and good fellows never stand on ceremony."

"The name kept me back at school and college; and, though I fell in love with a dozen different girls before I was twenty-three, they all gave me the shake on account of the name.

"I finally packed up and took a skip of a thousand miles, for the sole purpose of getting rid of 'Bones.' I simply used the initial, and after three months I was way up in the new community. I opened a store, began to court a girl, and the people insisted that I take the postmastership. I'd have had it, and probably a wife at the same time, but for the advent of one of my old acquaintances. He dropped into town, called me 'Bones,' and knocked me into the middle of the last century. Nobody had any use for a man with such a name. There was no weight, no dignity to it. It would have been all right for a Digger Indian or a Chinaman, but even the Hanks and Sams and Abes scoffed at it.

As a matter of fact, it was a man known to everybody as Snub-nosed Bill who started the move to freeze me out. In sixty days I took another jump, and settled down in a new place. I was almost immediately asked to run for the State senate. I had accepted, and the campaign had opened with a certainty of my being a winner, when I was given away again. I knew how it would be. Within twenty-four hours I was asked to withdraw, and another candidate was put up. The local papers even tried to make it out that I was a villain for having played the public.

"My third skip landed me in Montana. I'm there yet. I'm 'Bones' to every man, woman, and child for one hundred miles around. I'm 'Bones' to my cow-puncher and 'Bones' to every tramp who comes along, and I'm given the throw-down for no other reason. For the last month I've been working a political racket which was designed to land me in Congress after a while. It has cost me a good deal of thought and considerable money, and this forenoon I was dead sure of success. But I'd forgotten my hoodoo, you see. An hour ago I received this telegram from one of my workers. See what he says:

"No use. They got on to 'Bones,' and the deal is off."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



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BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE LAKE SUPERIOR AND MISSISSIPPI SHIP CANAL SCHEME.

The project for a ship canal from the head of Lake Superior to the Mississippi River has been reinforced by an actual survey made by Government engineers, who declare that such a canal is feasible, but express grave doubts as to its commercial value. The route preferred is up the Brule River to the summit level, and down the St. Croix River to the Mississippi. The business arguments against the project have not yet been controverted, and we do not imagine that there is any likelihood that Congress will appropriate money to dig the canal. Those arguments are briefly as follows:

First. The cost of lockage up to the summit level and down to the level of the Mississippi, would cause to disappear all the margin between the cost of water and rail transit.

Second. When the canal reached the Mississippi it would end in a shallow stream which carries in summer only two or three feet of water; whereas the lake vessels, which it is proposed to bring through it, draw twelve to twenty feet of water. It would therefore be necessary to deepen the Mississippi greatly from the mouth of the St. Croix up to St. Paul.

Third. Supposing that this could be done, the lake vessels, which would carry coal as almost their only freight, would have to dump their cargoes on the river front of the city, and the coal would have to be carted for miles to the factories and heating plants, which are the great consumers of fuel. The factories now receive their coal from the cars by switches running into their yards. The total cost of the coal to consumers would probably be just as great as when it is hauled by rail.

Fourth. It is not probable that the railroads to the lake, whose chief business is the hauling of coal, would relinquish all that business to the canal. They would find some way of re-

ducing their rates, so as to still haul the bulk of the coal, which they could lay down at the doors of the chief consumers. Unless the canal could do all the coal business, it would not pay running expenses. We would be glad to see these arguments answered by the canal advocates.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY QUESTION.

An article by W. H. Lewis, in the August number of the *Review of Reviews*, appears to dispose of all possibility of further controversy over the true boundary between Alaska and the Dominion of Canada, by quotations from documents published by the British Foreign Office at the time of the Behring's Sea dispute. The text of these documents dates back to 1824, when the treaty was negotiated, between Russia and Great Britain, which established the boundary in question. The diplomatic correspondence quoted is contained in volume second of the appendix to the British case laid before the Behring's Sea commission. It shows that Russia's intention in insisting that the boundary line should follow Portland Canal was to secure a strip of the continent opposite Prince of Wales Island and the adjacent islands.

In the correspondence, Portland Canal is described as "at the height of Prince of Wales Island," to indicate that the mouth of Portland Canal was opposite the southern extremity of the Prince of Wales Island, and it was specifically stated that the channel had its "origin in the interior between the fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth degrees of north latitude." This describes Portland Canal exactly, and not Behm Canal.

In all the correspondence relating to the ten marine leagues from the coast, Russia constantly insisted that the ten leagues should be upon the continent and should not include the islands. England endeavored to secure a compromise, but Russia was firm, and negotiations were broken off for a long time. When they were resumed, Russia still held to her point, and it was finally agreed by both nations that the ten-league strip should be "on the continent," and such was the language of the treaty. It was also agreed that the proposed line should run along the mountains which follow the sinuosities of the coast.

On the 12th of July, 1824, Mr. Canning, for the British Government, directed the reopening of the negotiations, and inclosed a draft of a treaty which would be acceptable to Great Britain. This accepted the line of demarcation proposed by Russia, except that it provided that the line should follow the "sinuosities of the coast along the base of the mountains nearest the sea." The Russian plenipotentiaries submitted a counter draft of the treaty, in which the description of the boundary line differed from that suggested by Great Britain only in that it prescribed an arbitrary width of ten marine leagues, regardless of the mountains.

In December, 1824, a British envoy went to St. Petersburg to conclude and to sign the treaty with the Russian Government. His instructions were to oppose Russia's plan of making the coast strip ten marine leagues in width regardless of the mountains; to abandon the former contention of the British Government for the seaward base of the mountains as the boundary line; and to agree to the summit, as suggested all along by Russia. The Russian Government still insisted on the ten-league clause. At last, on February 16, 1825, the treaty was agreed upon and signed, the portions dealing with the boundary line being those proposed by Russia in the beginning. A little later the line was mapped out by Russia, and it was accepted by Great Britain.

It is impossible to understand how the Canadian Government can set up with sincerity a

claim for any other boundary than that definitely described in the treaty between Russia and Great Britain. As a friendly concession to a good neighbor, our Government might agree to deflect the line so as to give Canada the head of one of the long inlets which reach into the interior, so as to give her a seaport from which she could build a railway to the Yukon; but as a matter of right, Canada has no more valid claim to any territory on the coast than she has to Washington or Oregon. It looks, from this side of the line, as if the present Canadian contention were set up for its effect on home politics in Canada, and not with any idea that it might be allowed by this Government or by a tribunal of arbitration.

THE OREGON RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

The recently published statement that the Northern Pacific has determined that it will either secure a trackage agreement with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company to enable it to reach Portland by the direct route down the Columbia River, instead of going around by Puget Sound over the Cascade Mountains, or that it will build a parallel line down the northern bank of the Columbia, and thus get into Portland over its own tracks, revives interest in the history of the O. R. & N.

Twenty-five years ago last summer there arrived in Portland a far-seeing, level-headed young newspaper man, named Henry Villard, who brought with him authority from the German bondholders of the Oregon and California Railroad to foreclose and take possession of that property, then in the hands of Ben Holliday. While running the Oregon and California, Mr. Villard proceeded to examine closely the railroad situation in the Pacific Northwest. Besides the railroad he was himself managing, which was completed only part of the way to the California line, the only transportation lines centering in Portland were the steamship line to San Francisco and a line of boats on the Columbia River, pieced out with two short portage railroads around the rapids of the Dalles and the Cascades. The Northern Pacific was beginning to get on its feet, after the bankruptcy of 1873, and soon after began construction from the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers eastward towards Spokane, relying on the broken line down the Columbia to get its passengers and freight to Portland. Studying the topography of the country, Mr. Villard saw that there was only one place where the great barrier of the Cascade Mountains was broken through by nature down to water-level, and that this was where the Columbia had forced its way through. So he concluded that a railway company occupying the gorge of the Columbia would hold the key to the traffic situation in Western Oregon and Washington. He organized a company, raised capital, partly in Portland and partly from his German friends, built a road along the south bank of the Columbia up to a connection with the Northern Pacific at Wallula, absorbing the two little portage roads; bought a road that ran from Wallula to Walla Walla, extended it to a number of points in the great Walla Walla wheat region, and by the time the Northern Pacific joined its tracks in Montana, in 1883, he had a complete system tapping nearly every freight-producing point in the Columbia Basin east of the Cascades, and reaching to Portland.

Mr. Villard now entered the field of railway financiering, and transferred himself to Wall Street. He intended that the O. R. & N. should furnish the outlet to the tidewater of the Pacific for the Northern Pacific Road, but to bring this about it was necessary to secure a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific

stock. This was accomplished through the agency of a finance company called the Oregon Transcontinental, which for a time controlled the Northern Pacific, the O. R. & N., the Oregon and California, the steamships running to San Francisco, and also the steamboats on the Columbia River and on Puget Sound.

Meanwhile the Union Pacific had fallen out with its western connection, the Central Pacific, which owned all the original transcontinental line beyond Ogden, and was planning to build to Portland through the agency of the Oregon Short Line Company. Mr. Villard did not want a competitor in his own field, so he pushed his O. R. & N. road over the Blue Mountains and on to Huntington on Snake River, in Eastern Oregon, where he connected with the Union Pacific. When financial disaster soon after overtook the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Transcontinental Company, the association of the Northern Pacific with the O. R. & N. was dissolved, and the latter road speedily fell under the control of the Union Pacific, of which Charles Francis Adams had become president. The Union Pacific made Portland its Pacific Coast terminus, and proceeded to bridge the Columbia River and to build from that city to the Puget Sound seaports. Bankruptcy overtook this line, also, and it lost its control of the O. R. & N., which again became an independent road, and constructed lines to Spokane and to the Coeur d'Alene mining-camps. When the Great Northern reached Spokane, President Hill made arrangements with the O. R. & N. by which he could run his cars over its tracks to Portland. The Northern Pacific had already obtained access to that city by way of its line across the Cascade Mountains to Tacoma, thence to the city on the Willamette, but this route is a roundabout one, and surmounts high mountain grades. It will be much less expensive for the Northern Pacific to haul freight by the direct line down the Columbia than over the Cascade Mountain grades, to say nothing of the extra distance by the present route of nearly a hundred miles.

In case the Northern Pacific fails to secure trackage rights over the O. R. & N., and builds down the north bank of the Columbia, the new line will be expensive to construct where the road-bed must be blasted out of the basaltic cliffs, and there will have to be a bridge over the Columbia. Perhaps the piers of the unfinished Union Pacific bridge at Vancouver can be bought cheaply, since that company has abandoned all intention of building to Puget Sound. In any event, Portland is likely to get a new line of road, and will be the gainer thereby.

If Canada constructs the proposed ship canal from Georgian Bay to the St. Lawrence, she will have much the shortest water route for grain from Duluth to the Atlantic seaboard, and the only drawback to this route will be the ice-bound condition in winter of the port of Montreal. It has long been the ambition of Canada to divert from New York to Montreal the bulk of the European shipments of wheat. The serious consideration now being given in the Dominion to the Georgian Bay canal project, leads New York City to take a new interest in plans for opening a deep-water route from Lake Erie to the Hudson, and there is now fresh agitation of plans for enlarging the old Erie Canal, and of the alternative plan of abandoning that work and cutting a canal around Niagara Falls and another from Oswego, on Lake Ontario, to the Hudson by way of the Mohawk. This, it will be remembered, was the plan most favorably considered by the Deep Waterways Convention which met in St. Paul about ten years ago. The route has since been surveyed and pronounced feasible by United States engineers.



THE latest change in the checkered history of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company is the return of the property, through stock transfers, to the exclusive control of the Union Pacific. It is now a Vanderbilt interest, and will form part of a great Vanderbilt transcontinental system reaching from New York to Portland, Oregon, the eastern links of which are the Chicago and Northwestern from Omaha to Chicago, the Chicago and Alton from Kansas City to Chicago, and the Lake Shore and New York Central from Chicago to New York. As the Vanderbilts never let go of any railroads they have once acquired, this arrangement is likely to be permanent.

THE largest area of settled country in the United States which is wholly destitute of railway facilities is found in Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri. It is a very rich country, producing cotton, corn, and cattle, and it would give ample traffic to sustain a road. The best line across it would be from Springfield to Little Rock. There have been numerous schemes for building on this line, and surveys have been made; but as soon as the promoters attempt to raise money in New York for construction, they find that financiers interested in the old lines, which surround the region on three sides, begin a fight which ends in the throwing down of the new project.

AFTER long waiting, the terminal and transfer company formed in Chicago by A. B. Stickney of St. Paul many years ago, is now going into business under the management of E. W. Winter, of this city. Mr. Stickney bought a large tract of land for this company in the western outskirts of Chicago, and the purpose was to use it for the transfer of freight between the various railroads running into the city, so as to save the cost of switching from one depot to another, as is done at the Minnesota Transfer between St. Paul and Minneapolis. Lack of funds during the hard times caused the delay in carrying out the project. It now has the backing of most of the strong Chicago roads, and Mr. Winter will be sure to make it a financial success.

PROFESSOR HALL, geologist of the University of Minnesota, does not approve of the Northern Minnesota National Park scheme, and says that the idea of reserving 6,000 square miles of this State for a park is too ridiculous to be seriously entertained by any intelligent person. He disputes the current theory that forests regulate the flow of streams and prevent floods, and maintains that floods occur wherever the slopes of a stream are steep, no matter whether the country is wooded or not. There would be no danger of floods in the Upper Mississippi, he says, if every tree were removed from the country through which it flows. To substantiate this contention he refers to the Minnesota River, which formerly had a strip of dense forest along its banks. The forests have been cut down, without this exercising any influence on the volume of water in the river. The floodwaters at the head of the Minnesota are im-

pounded in a lake which forms a natural reservoir. Those of the Mississippi are held in large artificial reservoirs, with like effect of equalizing the volume of the river throughout the year. The old theory that forest reserves act as water reservoirs, the professor insists is no longer regarded as tenable by reliable meteorologists. It remained, he says, for a Chicago genius to discover material for a great national park at the back doors of Minneapolis and Duluth, and to conceive a plan for virtually closing up a region containing 6,000 square miles of good land now tributary to the cities of Minnesota, but of no value to the trade of Chicago.

WESTERN railroad managers say that never before have so few men been idle on their lines, and that wages are now even better than in the boom times that preceded the collapse of 1893. Train men are kept on the jump all the time, and by making extra runs are able to show big monthly earnings. Engineers are now getting \$185 to \$190 per month, and firemen \$135 to \$145 a month. Conductors and brakemen participate in the increase. Train crews are now paid on a mileage basis, and the more miles they run the more pay they get. The freight movement on all the trunk lines is enormous, exceeding considerably that of 1898, which was regarded as a phenomenal year; and so many people are traveling that the roads find great difficulty in getting enough passenger-coaches to hold them all. These are plain indications of prosperity, and of the good times which were predicted in 1896 if the country determined to retain the gold standard and remain upon a sound-money basis.

A CONFERENCE at the Athletic Club, in Chicago, of supporters of the movement for making a national park in Northern Minnesota, was held last month and was attended by delegations from Duluth, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and also by numerous Chicago men who spend their summers camping out, hunting, and fishing. An amended map of the proposed park was shown, on which the boundaries had been materially drawn in since the first map appeared in the newspapers. Yet these boundaries took in the whole county of Hubbard, a great deal of which is well-settled prairies, and the upper half of Wadena County, which is lightly timbered and has attracted hundreds of settlers during the past few years, who clear up the land for farms. Evidently the promoters of the park project know very little of our Northern Minnesota country. The Duluth delegates to the conference made vigorous opposition to any park scheme which should interfere with lumbering and mining in the territory tributary to that city. The Twin City delegates showed an interest in the general idea of a national park, but said that the project should not be allowed to get into such a shape as to threaten to interfere with the development and the further settlement of the State. All that was done was to organize an association and to appoint a committee to arrange an excursion from Chicago to Leech Lake. The general sentiment was in favor of a park limited to the area around Leech Lake, Lake Winnibigoshish, and Lake Itasca. In this form the scheme is not open to any valid objection.

THIS is the fiftieth anniversary year of the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Half a century is a great age for a daily newspaper, and there are probably not a score in the country that have attained it. The paper, with its present name, was the result of a union of two of the earliest dailies issued in St. Paul. One was started by Joseph A. Wheelock, and the other by Frederick Driscoll. These sheets were fierce rivals

for a time, but their publishers finally agreed upon a consolidation—which made a really great paper out of two struggling small concerns. The union of talent thus established was a rare one. Mr. Driscoll had exceptional business ability, and Mr. Wheelock was the ablest editorial writer in all the Northwest. The partnership has continued unbroken to this day, each of the partners sticking closely to his own line of work, and both always standing together for the interests of the paper and the city. The *Pioneer Press* has always expressed the best thought and represented the best ambitions of St. Paul. For fifty years it has pointed out the way and led the movement for the occupancy by civilization of all that region of the American continent which lies between the Great Lakes and the Rocky Mountains. In this region it has witnessed the creation of six new States of the Union, has seen frontier villages grow into superb cities, and it has chronicled the establishment of countless schools and colleges and the building of thousands of miles of railroads. The two friends and business associates, who during all this time have maintained for the paper the position of the leading daily in the Northwest, are veterans now, but they are still at work with as much zeal and force as ever. Looking out upon the world from the windows of the massive and towering building which is the home of their paper, they may well say—We have made a good fight, and we are entitled to enjoy the fruits of our life work.

THE death at Atlantic City last month of Delos A. Monfort, president of the Second National Bank of St. Paul, brought to an untimely close a notably useful and honorable life. Mr. Monfort was the oldest active banker in this city, and during his long career showed the highest qualities of integrity and intelligence. No one ever lost a dollar by dealing with his bank, and his judgment on all matters of finance was always clear and correct. Personally, his leading quality was courtesy. He was never too busy to treat every caller with kindness and cordiality. Always erect, amiable, and faultlessly dressed, he made the impression of a gentleman of the old school, and in no circumstances did he fail to live up to the character. As a banker he was exceedingly prudent, and he regarded the absolute safety of the depositor as the essential feature of safe banking. His bank, originally the Peoples', which was reorganized under Federal law as the Second National, went safely through the financial storms of 1857, 1873, and 1893, which wrecked many institutions less carefully managed. At home he was in his leisure hours a student and a book-lover, and he accumulated one of the best private libraries in Minnesota. It was particularly strong in rare and costly works, and in books relating to early Northwestern history, travel, and biography. A visit to his library was always a surprise and a delight to a lover of literature, especially if made under the guidance of the owner, who would display one treasure after another with a flow of entertaining chat and comment about the contents of the volumes, their authors, and the various editions prized by collectors, which made the visit a memorable one. He lived simply, in an old wooden house on Dayton Avenue, a street which he had seen developed from a country road into one of the finest thoroughfares in the city. He found the old house good enough for his old age, and when he became moderately wealthy, he was never tempted to build a mansion on the more fashionable Summit Avenue, as were many of his contemporaries. The thorough rectitude of all his business dealings, and his unflinching courtesy and sweetness of temper, will long keep his memory green in St. Paul.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE INDISPENSABLE.

By H. H. Carr.

The Chicago Board of Trade is the greatest grain exchange in the world, the transactions by its members aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The Board of Trade has nothing whatever to do with making prices. Its assembly hall is simply a place where members congregate, using it as a convenient place of meeting by parties wishing to buy or sell grain or other commodities dealt in on the board; supply and demand, or in other words, the quantity on sale and the amount required for shipment or for local consumption, being the chief influences making the market.

It is a mistaken idea on the part of the general public, that the Board of Trade makes the markets or does any trading itself. The Board of Trade as an organization transacts no commercial business whatever, any more than a church congregation does secular business; the "meeting house" being simply a place for the minister and members of the congregation to meet for spiritual work. The Board of Trade is simply an organization of persons needing a central place for the transaction of a grain and provision business, it having been found that the old way of going from one railroad to another, to dispose of each carload of grain after its arrival, was not practical, especially after the business had grown to such magnitude as

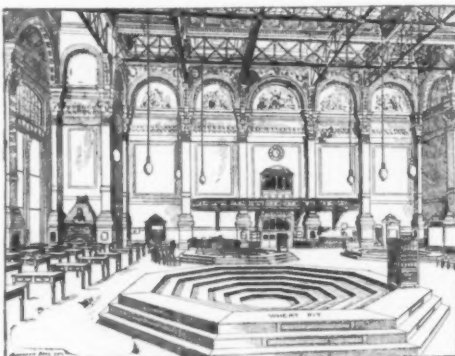
commission men on the Board of Trade by an official sampler. The produce is sold by this sample. The buyer has another official sampler who re-samples the car, and whose sample is compared with the seller's sample, to verify it. The car is then ordered to its destination, weighed by an official weighman; a bill is made out and presented to the buyer, with the weighman's certificate of the weight, and State inspection certificate attached. The railroad agent is furnished the weights, and he makes out a bill for the freight. This example, multiplied by several hundred thousand cars of grain handled annually in Chicago, explains the *modus operandi* of disposing of cash grain on the Chicago market.

As the volume of Chicago's grain business gradually increased, markets like New York, Baltimore, Oswego, Montreal, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, and Southern points that formerly supplied the distributive trade, who in their turn supply consumers, lost their prestige, buyers coming direct to Chicago, the head grain center, for their supplies; Eastern buyers wishing to take advantage of prices ruling in the fall and winter to lay in large stocks for the next summer's requirements, desiring also to take advantage of the cheaper rates of water navigation by lake. This necessitated enormous storage elevators to accommodate the millions of bushels of grain while being carried through the winter months, the present capacity of Chicago elevators exceeding forty million bushels.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and the necessity for carrying large quantities of grain here through the winter, caused capitalists to devise a plan for carrying the grain for the Western shipper and the Eastern buyer, from the marketing of same in the fall until its shipment to the consuming markets in the spring, when navigation offers low freight rates. The result is the present plan of future trading. The Eastern buyer, through his representative on the Board of Trade, purchases grain for spring delivery. The Western grain-grower may also sell, through his representative on the board, either cash grain to capitalists who may in turn sell to the Eastern buyer for future or spring delivery, or large Western dealers frequently sell for future delivery on their own account. The Board of Trade, through the system of future trading, conserves the best interests of both producer and consumer.

Thus it was that the system of trading in any month of the year desired was inaugurated, and experience has proven it to be the best way for both buyers and sellers to be certain of a future market. Without future trading to protect them, buyers would be compelled to make purchases low, so that they would be sure of no loss. Our grandfathers hauled wheat one hundred or two hundred miles to Chicago by team, and were compelled to accept forty cents per bushel for it, part cash and part store pay, from the dealer who took his chances of being able to dispose of it at a profit "at some future time." Under the present system, however, where the Western dealer can always be sure of selling for any future delivery desired, he can figure the freight, commission, interest, insurance, and other necessary charges for putting his grain on this market for any particular month desired, and can calculate to a fraction of a cent what he can afford to pay any day in the year.

The Chicago elevators charge regular storage rates, as provided by the statutes of Illinois.



INTERIOR VIEW CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE, SHOWING THE WHEAT PIT AND SAMPLING TABLES.

the grain trade of Chicago has assumed, this being the largest grain distributive market in the world.

The Chicago Board of Trade was organized to furnish a more expeditious and economical way of handling the immense grain crops of the great West and Northwest. Commission houses were formed, some doing a Western receiving business, others catering for an Eastern demand from consumers; combining the vast grain interests of the Western producing States with the Eastern consuming population and the European demand to a central point on the Chicago Board of Trade. The economy was such that the magnitude of the business has assumed enormous proportions. In 1897 the members of the Board handled over \$400,000,000 worth of cash property alone. If put into cars, this would make a train, necessary to move it, extending from Chicago to San Francisco,—over 2,000 miles and return. This is a vast quantity for the members of a single institution to handle, yet the public look upon the board as a big gambling shop, and its members but as a lot of gamblers. A more erroneous impression never existed. Grain, upon arrival at Chicago, is inspected by an official State inspector. A sample drawn from the car is brought to the

The insurance rates are made by the Insurance Association. The legal rates of interest are known, likewise the commission for handling the property, hence the Eastern buyer can calculate the exact cost per bushel of any kind of grain needed, and can order such grain bought here on the board for any future month he may desire to supply his trade. This explanation will, we trust, show that the Board of Trade is maligned when termed a big gambling shop, and that great injustice is done its members.

Board of Trade members are not the same as that class of men who hazard their money upon the throw of dice, the turn of a card, the outcome of a horse-race, or the possible change in the next quotation (?) as marked upon the blackboard in bucket-shops, whose interests are against their customers, because the bucket-shop proprietor bets contrary to the customer, and must necessarily be selfishly interested in having his patrons lose.

Many such gambling places pose in smaller cities and towns under a guise of respectability, having gilt signs over their doors of high-sounding "Grain Exchanges" with "Chicago Board of Trade Connections," and too frequently business men, clerks, and others visit them and wager their money on what the next quotation will be on the blackboard, laboring under the delusion that they are doing a legitimate business in connection with the Chicago Board of Trade, when, in fact, these places have no connection with this institution whatever, but are simply using the published market reports to further their gambling schemes in deceiving a confiding public—people who too frequently visit them under the mistaken notion that they are respectable, but who would not be seen going into a faro joint, and would hold up

their hands in holy horror if asked to bet a dollar on a horse-race. How verdant these poor gullibles must be to play "another man's game" and let him manipulate the whole thing himself, who has it in his power to mark any price on the blackboard he chooses. He works on the theory that his patrons must guess when to get in and when to get out, and pay him his commission besides, which, he figures, makes big odds in his favor. The gambler who threw loaded dice and was caught at it was treated severely by his victims in the old mining-camps, but what recourse have victims of bucket-shops?

It is these excrescences or parasites on the commercial world that live and fatten on the Board of Trade quotations and that do so much to injure the board's good name and standing with the world at large. But that venerable institution will continue in its grand business career to exert a wonderfully beneficial influence on the commercial world, an influence not to be compared with that exerted by any similar institution of its kind. We have no doubt that, through the facilities enjoyed by members of the board for trading in large quantities of grain, either buying or selling, such privileges may sometimes be abused and trading be carried by some rash individuals beyond where conservative business practices would dictate, but must the whole in-



CHICAGO'S FAMOUS BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

stitution be condemned simply because the predilections of some few of its members lead them to occasionally overspeculate or trade beyond the bounds of prudence? It is not the instrument, but the way it is used, which brings about bad results.

A QUEER BELFRY.—The oldest belfry in America is doubtless located in Tacoma, Wash. It is the hollow trunk of a cedar tree, about eight feet across and perhaps forty feet high, and it stands adjoining a place of worship. The church bell has been placed in the top of the tree, and the whole is overgrown with ivy. It is a great curiosity.

THE SPALDING,

❖ DULUTH, MINN. ❖

Leading Hotel of the Lake Superior Region.



Renovated, Refitted and Under New Management.
One Block from Union Depot.
Rates, \$2.50 per day and upwards.
FRED W. SPRADO, Manager.



THE WEST SUPERIOR HOTEL,

Owned and operated by the
LAND & RIVER COMPANY, West Superior, Wis.

This hotel is operated with the view of making it the most attractive hostelry in the Northwest, to which end no expense has been spared to make it complete in every respect. Since its erection nine years ago, it has been noted as being the best appointed and most liberally managed hotel on Lake Superior, during which time it has been enlarged to twice its original size, now containing two hundred large and sunny rooms, en suite and with bath. Special tables and attendants assigned to families and tourists seeking the privacy and comforts of an elegant home.

Being in the center of the most beautiful lake and forest regions in America, it offers special attractions to travelers and sportsmen, and those suffering from hay fever or malaria. Convenient to all street car lines and principal business houses.



At Edgerton, recently, a sale of Wisconsin tobacco was made which involved the exchange of 25,000 cases for a round million dollars, the largest known tobacco deal in the history of the country. It will require 500 cars to carry the product to New York.

Statistics which have been collated in Wisconsin show the average cost of raising wheat to be fifty-four cents a bushel, and the cost of corn twenty-seven cents. In both cases there are included interest on the value of the land, with the cost of implements and horses added.

In 1895 Superior's school population was 5,651. In 1890, four years later, it had increased to 7,017, a gain of about twenty per cent. In 1895 the State census gave Superior a population of 26,168. Figuring the increase of population at the same per cent as that of the school census the *Intend Ocean* says, Superior's total population today is 31,462.

News from Spring Valley reports the finding of a ninety-foot ledge of rock near that place running over seventy-five per cent lime, which will be at once developed. It is probable that several other smelters will be built there soon, and that the mines in Cady, five miles away, which are a higher grade than the ones now open, will be used. Efforts are being made to have the large beds of kaolin and fire-clay there developed.

A Milwaukee authority estimates the value of the State's annual lumber output at about \$40,000,000. He claims that 203 white pine mills in the State last year cut 2,360,000,000 feet of lumber worth \$30,000,000, or \$10 per thousand, and that the 351 hardwood mills produced 660,000,000 feet worth \$12,000,000, or \$18 per thousand. This year prices have advanced so as to push the value of the State's lumber output to \$40,000,000, which is probably a better showing than either Michigan or Minnesota can make.

Cranberry men are counting on a big yield on cultivated marshes in Jackson and Wood counties this fall, and even the wild marshes give evidence of their old-time productiveness. The prospects are said to be the finest in many years. The old cranberry pickers had given up the idea of ever seeing a crop on the wild marshes. The cranberry bushes are well along for this season of the year, and there is so much water in the swamps that there is little danger of frost before the harvest, which begins in September.

Wisconsin has a lot of very enterprising and prosperous cities, and they are all catching the wave of prosperity in great shape. One of the best of them, *The Improvement Bulletin* says, is Wausau. *The Record* figures up a total of \$562,150 to be spent on improvements this year, and backs up the total with a complete list. Omitting the large number of new residences, the list includes: Paper and pulp mill, \$300,000; Wausau high school, \$57,000; opera-house, \$25,000; Marathon County jail, \$25,000; municipal improvements, \$15,000; Chicago Excelsior factory, \$12,000; N. W. passenger depot, \$10,000; N. W. freight depot, \$5,000; grading for depots and retaining walls, \$10,000; Kiefer's cold-storage building, \$8,000; McEachron's new elevator, \$7,000; A. Kickbusch & Sons wholesale house, \$5,000; Werheim Manufacturing Company's new boiler and engine house, etc., \$5,000; Alexander Stewart Lumber Company's new planing-mill, \$5,000; Wausau Telephone Company, \$2,000.

Minnesota.

The *Crookston Times* is authority for the statement that a fiber mill is to be established in Moorhead. It also adds that a fortune awaits the man who will start such a mill in Crookston.

Crookston is going to have paved streets. Assessments will be levied covering thirty blocks. The contract will be let this fall, so that the material can be got on the ground and the work be commenced next fall.

The St. Croix Power Company, organized for the purpose of transmitting electricity from Apple River Falls, Wis., to St. Paul, has begun the construction of an immense dam. The contract has been awarded to the Engineering Contract Company of New York. The dam will be 400 feet long and fifty feet high, and

the flume will be built half a mile long. The line will be twenty-eight miles long, and the estimated cost of the plant is \$400,000.

Minnesota ranks nineteenth in the list of the sixty-three cigar manufacturing districts in the United States. Last year the State's output was 52,437,750 cigars, an increase of nearly 5,000,000 over the preceding year.

* The *Minneapolis Journal's* commercial editor and wheat-crop expert estimates the current yield of wheat in Minnesota and the two Dakotas as follows: For Minnesota 93,000,000 bushels, for North Dakota 67,500,000 bushels, and for South Dakota 36,300,000 bushels, a total of 196,800,000. Last year the wheat output of the three States was 224,000,000 bushels.

According to late reports, Minnesota now has 673 creameries, the patrons of which number 52,320. The capital invested in these plants aggregates \$2,700,000. There are 400,000 cows controlled by the industry; 1,382,718,000 pounds of milk was received last year; 62,849,000 pounds of butter was made; the operating expenses amounted to \$1,094,509; the patrons were paid \$8,546,000, and the gross receipts were \$10,370,000.

Shipments of lumber by lake from the Duluth-Superior harbor thus far this season are the heaviest in the history of that market. The aggregate shipments to the first of August were 157,468,530 feet as compared with 125,494,000 feet last year from Duluth, and from Superior the figures are 32,790,000 feet as compared with 12,241,000 feet last year. Two Harbors has shipped 5,570,000 feet this year, which is a little less than for the same time last year. The total amount shipped from the three places to the first of the present month is 163,038,530 feet. So says the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*.

Minneapolis capitalists are interested in a new linseed oil-mill which is soon to be erected in the Twin Cities at an estimated cost of \$225,000. It will be the second largest in point of capacity of any in the country, and will be entirely independent of the linseed oil trust. The plant will be located at the Minnesota Transfer, and the offices will be in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Minneapolis. The corporation is capitalized at \$400,000, and the capital is all paid in. The tract on which the plant is to be located will be 400 by 200 feet, and the buildings will consist of an elevator with a capacity of 10,000 bushels; five steel storage tanks for grain, each with a capacity of 100,000 bushels; a cake house with a storage capacity for 1,500 tons; steel tank storage capacity for 15,000 barrels of oil; a mill equipped with thirty presses, and a fire-proof boiler and engine-house to furnish the necessary power.

The Cleveland, Ohio *Marine Review* says that the present season is likely to see the establishment of many new records in iron mining on the Mesaba Range of Minnesota. New evidences of this fact are being presented daily. One of the most striking of these is found in the showing of the Oliver Iron Company's Mountain Iron mine, which started out early in the season by shipping from 5,000, to 7,000 tons of iron ore a day, and which has more recently run shipments up to 8,000 and 11,000 tons a day. The Fayal mine will, in all probability, reach an output of 1,000,000 tons this season. The railroads of Minnesota also appear to be holding up their end of the work in pretty good shape. The Duluth & Iron Range Road is fully 350,000 tons ahead of last year, and the Duluth, Mesaba & Northern will make a showing nearly as favorable. Satisfactory progress is being made on the extension of the Eastern Minnesota Railroad from Hibbing to the Sautry mine, but there is little likelihood that any ore can be hauled over the line before Sept. 15.

North Dakota.

It is said that \$40,000 worth of improvements have been added to Williston this year.

The N. P. railway shops, recently destroyed by fire in Mandan, are to be rebuilt on the old site.

The flax fiber-mill at Fargo is an assured enterprise, the buildings for the same now being about completed.

Valley City recently closed a deal for the purchase of a new dynamo and engine costing in the vicinity of \$4,000.

The wheat estimates for the State this year call for 67,500,000 bushels. Last year the output was 80,000,000 bushels.

New grain elevators are talked of for Erickson, Crystal, Harvey, Buxton, Lidgerwood, Finley, Jessie, and Hillsboro.

A flour-mill company with a capital of \$20,000 has been organized in De Lamere for the purpose of erecting a mill of 100-barrel capacity. It will be equipped with electric lights and all modern mill machinery.

Grank Forks is congratulating herself on the fact that it is again becoming a big headquarters of prominent implement concerns.

The new Hamilton brick-yard is running full blast. It has a capacity of from 35,000 to 40,000 brick per day, and the kiln will contain several hundred thousand brick.

Sheldon is to have a tow-mill and a flax fiber-mill, contracts for such plants having been agreed upon and signed. The tow-mill will be in operation about November 1, but the fiber-mill will not be ready before next year.

The Mandan *Pioneer* says: "The building boom has just begun in this city. There are not less than a dozen new buildings to go up in a short time, in addition to those already mentioned. The only drawback at present is to secure carpenters."

Drayton's brick-yard cannot keep up with the demand. Outside towns could use all the brick that can be made by the plant, but local consumption is so great this year that it keeps the yard busy to supply it. This is saying that Drayton is doing an immense amount of improvement work, and that brick-making in North Dakota is a very profitable industry.

The Jamestown *Alert* says that the wool interests of Western and Central North Dakota are growing yearly and promise to be one of the most reliable sources of income to farmers in this State. On sheep, horses and cattle, poultry, butter, eggs, and small products of the farm, farmers must learn to rely for a living. The exclusive grain-raisers, it thinks, will in the long run fall behind the farmer who makes the grass crop his chief reliance, using the grain crop as a secondary source of independence.

South Dakota.

Wheat estimates for the State this year are placed at 36,300,000 bushels. Last year the yield was 42,000,000 bushels.

The large chlorination works recently destroyed by fire in Deadwood are to be rebuilt and will have about 200 tons capacity. The new plant will be constructed to use the cyanide process as well as the chlorinating, which will give the company plants for treating all kinds of ores. The fourth furnace in the company's smelter will be started up, which will take care of seventy-five tons of the ore treated in the chlorination works.

The Pierre land office has received notice that the record has been cleared to the land relinquished by the State on the Crow Creek Reservation in the eastern part of Hughes County, and the same is now open to settlement. This opens 18,000 acres in that land district. There is about 65,000 acres of the same class of land in Hyde and Hand Counties, in the Huron district, which is now in the same list as the lands in Pierre district.

The assessment returns as they stand at present go a long way to remove the charge of hard times from South Dakota. Taking the population at 400,000—which is likely to be large—the returns show practically an assessment value of \$400 per capita for the people of this State. It is well known that the assessment value is not the real value by any means, and the population is put at a high rate. The facts, if they could be got at, would show that the wealth of the State is nearly double the \$400 per capita shown by the returns.

The great Homestake Company in the Black Hills has increased its capital stock from \$12,500,000 to \$21,000,000, for the purpose of buying the stock of the Highland Mining Company, the Black Hills Canal and Water Company, and the Black Hills & Fort Pierre Railway Company, so that one management may conduct the whole business. The Homestake has paid over \$7,500,000 in dividends, and the Highland property has paid nearly \$4,000,000 in dividends. The Homestake employs about 1,200 men, and treats 2,500 tons of ore daily.

Spearfish, in the Black Hills, is entering upon a new epoch of its existence. Its first great advance was when the normal school was located there. Now the railroad has made it a part of two important mining districts, in which a cyanide plant is already running, and near where half a dozen smelters are likely to be established on Spearfish River. The State Fish Hatchery is there, a new dormitory is being erected for the normal school, and other building operations are likewise in progress. It is a pretty little town, and fully merits its new prosperity.

Montana.

New York parties have secured control of the old Hope mine at Basin, and it is said that they will build a new concentrator and start up the property at once. The mine has yielded \$700,000. Its main shaft is down

600 feet, and it is reported that several thousand tons of ore are now in sight. The new company is capitalized at \$2,500,000.

The citizens of Dillon have voted to issue \$75,000 in bonds for the construction of a waterworks system and the purchase of an electric light plant.

The National Irrigation Congress, which will be held in Missoula September 25, 26, and 27, will bring together many able and enterprising men, and ought to prove of great benefit to Missoula and the State at large.

Word reached Billings recently that a good flow of oil had at last been struck at the asphaltum fields on Butcher's Creek, eighteen miles from Red Lodge, in Carbon County. It is thought that the oil-field will be bought up by the Standard Oil Company. Thos. Cruse, the Helena banker, is said to be the capitalist behind the Butcher Creek enterprise.

The deposits in the Helena banks at the end of the last fiscal year, as compared with the year before, show an increase of \$718,360. The total deposits of all the banks of the city of all kinds was \$3,764,230, as compared with \$3,045,870 at the close of the fiscal year of 1897-'98, a year ago. Estimating the population of Helena at 15,000, the per capita of deposits of all kinds is \$250.93, as compared with \$203 a year ago, an increase in the item of deposits of \$47.93 for every man, woman and child in the community, says the *Helena Independent*.

Yellowstone County recently had its available area increased by several hundred thousand acres of land which formerly belonged to the Crow Indians and their

The claims are located about five miles from Pollock, in the Seven Devils Country. The fiber of this mineral is three and a half to six inches in length. An agent of the Italian Government was on the property recently making an examination.

The Lewiston *Teller* says: "This year's wheat crop on the Nez Perce Reservation will exceed 1,000,000 bushels. Next year, under the stimulus of a short haul to a ready market, the crop will be doubled by the increase of acreage sown. The railroad has concluded to take up the rancher's burden by bringing transportation to his door, and the latter will respond by doubling the railroad's burden and also its dividends."

There is an increasing demand in Lewiston at present for dwelling-houses, and that demand will be greatly augmented as the fall and winter approaches. Last year the lack of dwelling-houses kept out hundreds of families who proposed wintering there, and in the coming winter the demand will be double that of last year. Present indications, the *Teller* states, are that all through the fall and the winter, at least, the business opportunities of the city will excel those offered at any other location in the Northwest. The active railroad building which for the next year will center about this place, will in itself create good business opportunities, which will be readily grasped by the investor. The population will increase rapidly, and the demand both for business and resident property will be active and persistent.

Oregon.

The Bonanza mine near Baker City, recently sold for a million dollars, now has forty stamps working. With twenty stamps it produced an average of \$25,000 worth

Washington.

Tacoma exports for 1899, to August only, amounted to \$6,722,924. Imports were \$642,077.

With every man on Gray's Harbor employed, and every mill on the harbor running short-handed, the calamity-howler is out of a job, says the *Hoquiam Washingtonian*.

Seattle's city directory for 1899 contains the names of 39,757 adult citizens, a gain of 2,020 over 1898, indicating a population of 84,582, an increase of 5,555 over 1898. These are the results of what is known as "the Seattle spirit." It builds business.

Olympia is on the commercial and industrial up-grade. All business interests are in the ascendancy. A feeling of contentedness rests upon the community. The situation is not what it was a year ago, and the change from the condition prior to that, it is said, is little less than marvelous.

Everett has made great progress the past year. Its big paper-mill employs 150 persons at a monthly wage of \$8,000; and the smelter, iron-works, four saw-mills, a sash-and-door factory and eight shingle-mills help to swell the pay-rolls and give steady employment to labor. New buildings include a schoolhouse, a hall, a \$30,000 court-house, several business blocks, and numerous houses.

The Garfield (Wash.) *Enterprise* says that Washington's superiority lies in her varied resources, each good, and one helping the other. "Our fertile soil, equable climate, and immunity from drouth and storms, make it the ideal farming country. The rapid

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reservation, the Government having just concluded a treaty for the cession of about one-third of the reserved district. The *Billings Gazette* says: "It means the addition to Yellowstone County of several hundred thousand acres of as fine agricultural land as there is in the United States, including the beautiful bottom lands of the valleys of the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers, all of which will be occupied by thrifty settlers in a few years. By legislative enactment, all that portion of the Crow Reservation lying west of the Big Horn River, when thrown open for settlement, belongs to this county, while Custer County gets the land to the east of that stream. Thus both counties will be benefited by the treaty, while the occupation by settlers of the fertile lands that have heretofore been held and utilized by the Indians, will give a great impetus to Billings." The treaty needs ratification by Congress before the land can be segregated.

Idaho.

Robert Noble, the Idaho sheep king, has sold this year's wool clip to an Eastern firm for \$125,000. A sheep-ranch in Idaho is as good as a gold-mine.

Eighty-four per cent of the entire domain of Idaho is still public land, amounting to more than forty-four million acres. Of this area, it has been estimated by the Government Geological Survey that seven million acres may be irrigated successfully.

Some enterprising Lewiston men have located 240 acres of claims containing a good quality of asbestos.

of gold per month; with the present plant it is thought that the annual output will reach \$1,500,000.

The La Grande sugar factory expects to handle about 20,000 tons of beets at the factory this fall. This should give a product of about 4,500,000 pounds of dry granulated sugar.

The Silver King mine in Crook County has been sold to a syndicate represented by P. K. Quealy, of Rock Springs, Wyo., and J. F. Edwards, of Salt Lake, Utah. The consideration is said to be in the neighborhood of \$1,000,000.

It is reported that the chittim tree, from which chittim bark is peeled, is becoming very scarce in Benton and other counties, says a Corvallis paper. As is well known, wherever the tree is skinned of its bark it soon dies, and of course it is becoming scarcer, until the chittim tree at no great distant future, at the present rate of consumption, will naturally be destroyed. The price of chittim bark under these conditions will in a few years greatly advance.

It is a most conservative estimate, says the *Heppner (Ore.) Gazette*, that the output of \$3,000,000 of last year from that empire-like region usually termed in mining journals and other publications as the Baker City gold-fields, will this year aggregate not less than \$4,000,000. It is reasonable to expect that, with an advance in the next two years proportionate to that in the same period of time past, Baker City will have a population of over 10,000, and an annual gold output from her tributary sections of \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000.

development of our mineral wealth and lumbering interests bids fair to give us the best market in the world for our produce. From the stony, stumpy soil of the worn-out East come young men and women, inured to toil, to whom frugality is a second nature, and beautiful homes spring up as if by magic."

Spokane's five banks have a capitalization of \$850,000, and deposits aggregating \$5,000,000. This sum is largely a surplus of earnings from many rich mines. The bank clearings for July, 1899, were 9,920,450. For July 1898, they were \$3,111,907, the increase in one year being fifty-eight per cent. The city has three electric railway companies, and about thirty-five miles of electric car lines in operation. It claims to be one of the very few cities in the West that are on a cash basis. Spokane County, Spokane City, Spokane school district and State of Washington warrants, all bring par. In two years the tax levy for bonded indebtedness of the municipality of Spokane was reduced from six and one-half mills to two and one-half mills. Real Estate transfers for July, 1899, were \$582,767; for July of the previous year they were \$164,544. The increase was two hundred fifty-three per cent in one year.

Canadian Northwest.

It is stated by the *Rossland (B. C.) Miner* that the number of miners working on well-known properties in that camp is 1,400, and that the pay-roll for the month is about \$125,000.

The regular monthly dividend of one and a half per cent on \$1,750,000, or \$26,250, was paid by the War Eagle

Consolidated Company of Roseland, B. C., recently, making the total dividends paid to date \$33,250.

The Sultan mine in the Lake of the Woods (Ont.) District has changed hands and is now the property of an English company. It is understood that the price paid is \$450,000. Mr. Caldwell, the former owner, remains a large stockholder in the new company. The mine will now have a working capital of \$2,500,000, and the stamps will be increased in number to 100. A new shaft will be sunk, and the main shaft be put down to a depth of 700 feet. An enormous body of ore is already in sight, and it has been estimated that the projected developments will put in sight a body of ore of net value exceeding one million pounds sterling.

The new town of Phoenix, four and a half miles from Greenwood, B. C., is increasing in population rapidly, and some half a dozen of the business men of Greenwood are establishing branches there. Owing to the magnitude of the mining operations going on there, with five or six large producers in and around the town, there will undoubtedly be a big pay-roll. It is proposed to build a tram-line from Greenwood to Phoenix, and negotiations are now going on towards that end. It is quite possible that the company taking hold of the tramway will also have the electric lighting and power franchise in connection with Boundary Falls.

"As Others See Us."

Every home in Oregon should have THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE as its monthly visitor.—*Athena (Ore.) Press.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE of St. Paul is always abreast of the times, and most of the time it is the pacemaker of Western progress. Its pages are always full of representative Western enterprise, art and thought, and that makes it and maintains it the most influential periodical west of Chicago and north of San Francisco.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Blade.*

Orville B. Ackerley, a prominent broker and real estate dealer at 115 Broadway, New York City, says: "Enclosed find check for \$2. I like to read THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, and I ought to pay the subscription price cheerfully, as it was through its columns that I learned of a buyer of North Dakota land, and by introducing a seller received a one hundred-dollar commission."

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE contains a vast amount of information relative to the great Northwest. The descriptive articles are well and carefully written, and the accompanying illustrations are timely and most convincing evidence of the wonderful resources of this section. The magazine is doing a splendid work, and justly deserves the success it has achieved.—*Seattle (Wash.) Pacific Lumber Trade Journal.*

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via Nickel Plate Road, September 26th, 27th and 28th, with return limit of October 4th, 1899. Three through trains between Chicago and New York daily, with first class equipment and dining car service. For further information or reservation of sleeping car accommodations, address General Agent, No. 111 Adams St., Chicago. Chicago Passenger Station, Van Buren St., and Pacific Ave., on the Elevated Loop.

What She Said

George Hobbs is a clerk in a Seventh Street clothing-store. For the past three days he has been "in the dumps," as his fellow clerks expressed it. Finally, in a burst of confidence, George informed one of his intimate friends of the cause of his trouble. He had been jilted.

A rather mature young woman who has been visiting at the boarding-house where George stops, in a playful manner announced at the table one evening that she had not received a proposal of marriage since her arrival in St. Paul. George, who is young enough to be the son of the visiting beauty, had wasted dollars of his hard-earned salary in buying ice-cream and theater tickets for her, and he supposed the declaration was a hint for him. Accordingly he offered himself as the sacrifice the same evening after a visit to the opera and a lunch at a down-town restaurant.

"Now, what do you suppose she said?" asked George of his friend.

"Well, I'll tell you just what she did say after I had asked her to be my wife. I don't remember just how I asked her, but she laughed, and then, patting me on the shoulder, replied:

"George, when I want to adopt a boy I'll let you know."—*St. Paul Globe.*

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THE SECURITY BANK OF MINNESOTA, MINNEAPOLIS.

Statement of condition at close of business June 30, 1899:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$3,958,483.83
Overdrafts.....	1,879.33
Bonds and Stocks.....	99,097.77
Real Estate, furniture and fixtures.....	273,656.24
U. S. Internal Revenue Stamps on hand.....	4,341.40

RESERVE.

Cash on hand.....	\$ 705,759.44
Due from banks.....	1,060,314.04

\$6,103,532.01

LIABILITIES.

Capital paid in.....	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus.....	100,000.00
Undivided profits.....	53,665.76
Deposits.....	4,949,866.25

\$6,103,532.01

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F. G. Winston, J. H. Thompson, H. M. Carpenter, J. W. Kendrick,
W. S. Nott, P. B. Winston, James Quirk, R. M. Bennett,
Louis K. Hull, F. A. Chamberlain, E. F. Mearkle, Perry Harrison,
Thos. F. Hurley.

German-American Bank

Minneapolis, Minn.

Capital,	-	-	-	\$60,000
Surplus,	-	-	-	15,000
Deposits,	-	-	-	500,000

GEORGE HUHNS, President.

HENRY WINECKE, Vice-Prest.

J. M. GRIFFITH, Second Vice-Prest.

F. A. GROSS, Cashier.

Directors:

EDMUND EICHHORN,
GEORGE HUHNS,
HENRY WINECKE,
ARTHUR E. EICHHORN,
M. A. GEDNEY,

EGBERT COWLES,
G. J. HEINRICH,
J. M. GRIFFITH,
CHARLES GLUEK,
P. J. SCHEID,

WM. J. VON DER WEYER.

The Metropolitan Bank of Minneapolis.

J. T. WYMAN, President.

JAS. I. BEST, Vice-President

E. W. DECKER, Cashier.

Report of the condition of the Metropolitan Bank of Minneapolis, in the State of Minnesota, at the close of business on June 30th, 1899:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$678,920.93
Overdrafts.....	414.27
Furniture and fixtures.....	2,000.00
Bonds.....	11,000.00

RESERVE—

Exchanges for Clearing House.....	\$ 37,266.18
Cash in Vault.....	74,809.83
Due from Banks.....	100,541.60
Cash items.....	4,194.19

Total.....

\$276,871.80

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....	\$200,000.00
Surplus.....	23,000.00
Undivided profits, less expense and taxes paid.....	10,218.62
Individual deposits subject to check.....	\$408,122.05
Demand certificates of deposit.....	33,542.62
Dividends unpaid.....	9.00
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	26,567.55
Certified checks.....	1,039.37
Due to other banks.....	175,807.79

Total.....

\$969,207.00

Average Monthly Deposits for the following years:

	1897.	1898.	1899.	1897.	1898.
January.....	\$340,698	\$465,480	\$600,000	July.....	\$359,223
February.....	264,536	476,800	624,000	August.....	367,390
March.....	296,481	484,200	600,000	September.....	421,340
April.....	307,860	525,300	711,000	October.....	464,400
May.....	324,964	527,100	717,000	November.....	486,500
June.....	333,223	526,000	722,000	December.....	500,100

Principal Correspondents:

National Bank of North America, New York; First National Bank, Chicago;
Union National Bank, Chicago; Corn Exchange National Bank, Chicago.

Board of Directors:

J. T. WYMAN, of Smith & Wyman, sash, doors and blinds; Dr. J. F. FORCE,
President of the Northwestern Life Association; O. E. BREWSTER, Insurance;
E. L. CARPENTER, of Shevlin-Carpenter Co.; JUDGE JAS. I. BEST, Vice-President;
L. S. GILLETTE, President Gillette-Herzog Mfg Co.; E. G. WALTON, real estate
and loans; J. H. MARTIN, of Martin & Wyman, grain commission; H. F. NELSON,
President Nelson-Tuthill Lumber Co.; Wm. E. LEE, President of Bank of Long
Prairie; E. W. DECKER, Cashier.

GERMANIA BANK,

OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Capital, \$50,000.00.

ESTABLISHED 1893.

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416 Nicollet Ave.,
Between Fourth and Fifth Sts.

Members of State, American
and Minnesota Bankers'
Associations.

Commercial Banking in all
its branches Conducted
on Sound Banking
Principles.

Accounts Solicited.

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President and Cashier.
HON. JOHN C. OSWALD,
Vice-President.

JOS. INGENHUTT,
Second Vice-President.
E. W. NAEGELE,
Assistant Cashier.

Directors:

LEONARD PAULLE,
HERMAN J. DAHN,
O. G. LAYBOURN, Attorney.
HERMAN VOGT.





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Loans,

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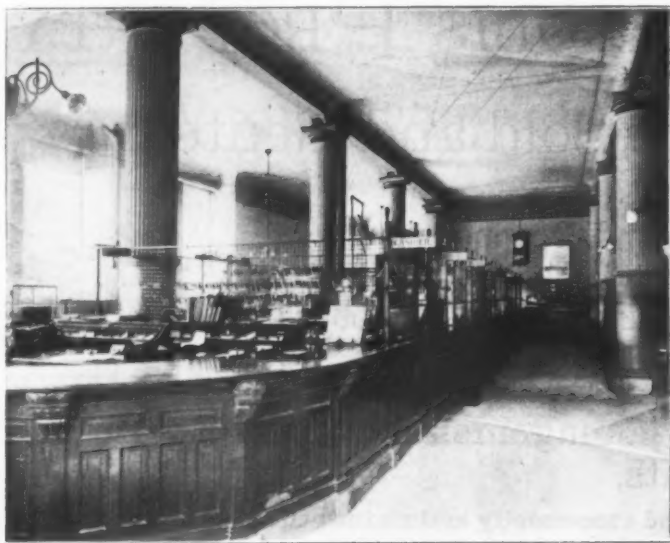
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of non-residents
a specialty.

Correspondence.....
.....solicited.

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300 & 302 Nicollet Ave.,
Bank of Minneapolis Building,
Minneapolis, Minn.



The NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL BANK, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Capital, \$1,000,000.00. Surplus, \$250,000.00.

(Organized 1872.)

OFFICERS—

JAMES W. RAYMOND, President. GILBERT G. THORNE, Cashier.
WM. H. DUNWOODY, Vice-Prest. WILLIAM COLLINS, Asst. Cashier.

CORRESPONDENTS—

NEW YORK: Chase National Bank. American Exchange Nat'l Bank.
BOSTON: Second National Bank.
CHICAGO: First National Bank. Bank of Montreal. Continental National Bank. Commercial National Bank.
LONDON: British Linen Company Bank.

Cable Address: "NORTHWEST" MINNEAPOLIS.

The Swedish-American National Bank, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

N. O. WERNER, President. C. S. HULBERT, Vice-President.
F. A. SMITH, Cashier. E. L. MATTSON, Ass't Cashier.

Report at Close of Business, June 30, 1899.

(Condensed.)

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$877,029.61
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,785.63
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	100,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds.....	4,000.00
Stocks, Securities and Claims.....	38,768.32
Furniture and Fixtures.....	3,275.00
Real Estate.....	28,061.62
Revenue Stamps.....	732.35
Cash on hand and due from Banks.....	474,374.45
Redemption Fund (five per cent. of circulation).....	4,500.00
Total.....	\$1,534,067.98
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$250,000.00
Surplus.....	17,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Taxes and Expenses paid.....	7,571.73
Dividends Unpaid.....	5,000.00
National Bank Notes Outstanding.....	83,100.00
Deposits.....	1,171,396.25
Total.....	\$1,534,067.98

This Bank has its own Correspondents in Europe,

Buys and sells Foreign Exchange, drawing direct on all principal cities, and issues Letters of Credit available in all parts of the world. Money transmitted by cable or otherwise. Banks and Bankers desiring to sell Foreign Exchange on our account will be furnished with blank drafts and money orders.

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CHICAGO.....First National Bank
BOSTON.....Third National Bank
LONDON, ENGLAND.....The London City & Midland Bank, L't
BERLIN, GERMANY.....Dresdner Bank
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.....Skagens Enskilda Bank
GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN.....Goteborgs Enskilda Bank
CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.....Christiana Bank og Kreditkase
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.....Privatbanken i Kjobenhavn

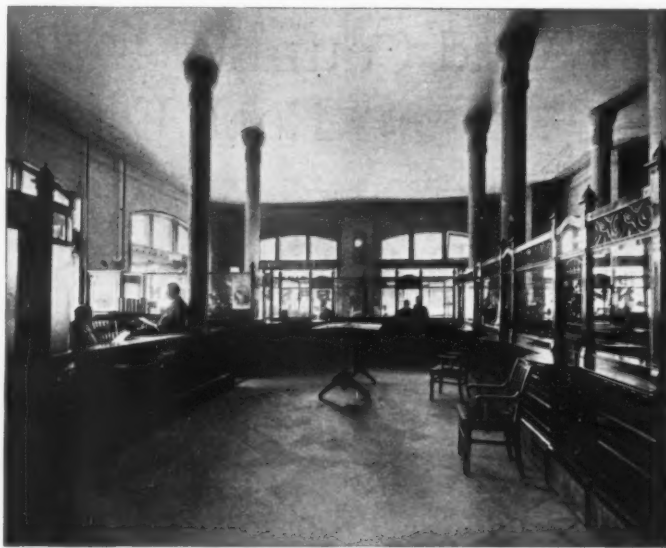
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Rate of Interest 3 per cent.

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THOS. LOWRY, }
JOHN DE LAITRE, } Vice-Presidents.
E. H. MOULTON, Secretary and Treasurer.



S. A. HARRIS, President. H. H. THAYER, Cashier.
CHAS. J. MARTIN, Vice-President. A. A. CRANE, Ass't Cashier.

The NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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Land for sale at a very Low
Price and on terms to suit.

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Five-room house.
Good barn, granary and chicken house.
All in good repair.
Every acre can be cultivated.
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This farm is in the center of a thickly-settled district where lands are held at from \$3,000 to \$4,000 per quarter-section, yet we can offer this entire half-section at only \$5,000.

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Lands very rich and convenient to railroad in
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N. $\frac{1}{4}$ of the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 32, Tp. 137, Rg. 45—80 acres.
WILKIN COUNTY.

E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 18, Tp. 134, Rg. 46—320 acres.
N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 10, Tp. 134, Rg. 46—160 acres.

RED LAKE COUNTY.
S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 10, Tp. 152, Rg. 44—160 acres.

HERON LAKE, JACKSON COUNTY.

Lot 2, Block 26, 1st Add. to Heron Lake (80 feet front
by 174 feet deep), with nice frame dwelling of five
rooms.

SOUTH DAKOTA—EDMUNDS COUNTY.

N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Tp. 124, Rg. 68—160 acres.

BRULE COUNTY.

N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 17, Tp. 104, Rg. 68—160 acres.

KANSAS—KINGMAN COUNTY.

E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 35, Tp. 27, Rg. 7, and E. $\frac{1}{2}$ of N.
W. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 2, Tp. 28, Rg. 7—160 acres.

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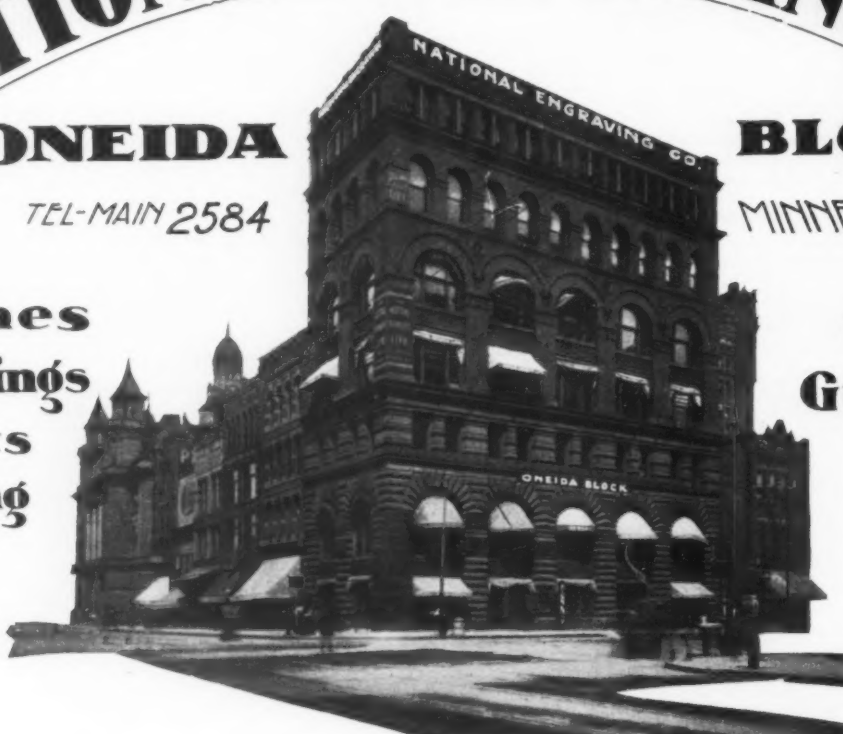
References: Thomas Lowry, John De Laittre, Judge M. B. Coon, J. W. Raymond (Pres. N. W. National Bank)—Minneapolis;
First National Bank, Minneapolis; W. D. Barbour & Co., New York; Laurence Minot, Boston.

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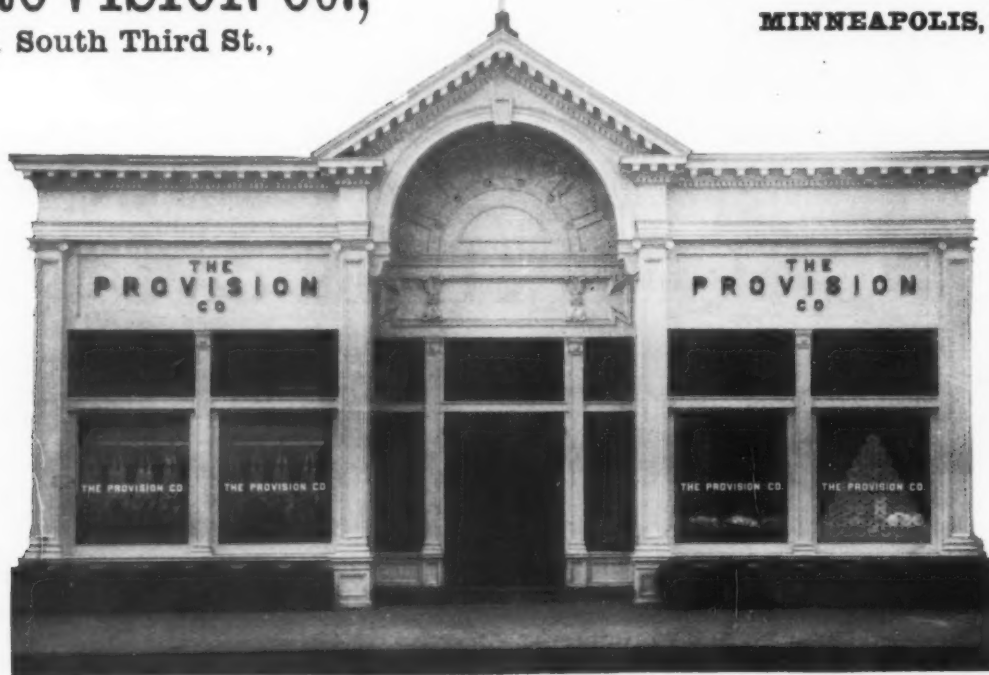
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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Here and There.

A philosophical statistician calculates that in the year 2000 there will be 1,700,000,000 people who will speak English, and that the other European languages will be spoken by only 500,000,000 people.

One of Uncle Sam's Alaskan islands can boast of the largest stamp-mill in the world. It has 540 stamps, and crushes quartz enough daily to give \$8,640 in gold, which the other mills in the camp increase to \$14,000.

In ten years American life insurance companies have doubled their assets, the amount rising from \$657,128,642 in 1888, to \$1,344,901,198 in 1898. The increase has been decidedly the greatest since prosperity returned to the country.

In a new Indian club a frame is formed of spring wire, with a covering of leather or other material, the handle consisting of a coiled spring, which imparts flexibility to the grip and allows the club to be swung with greater ease.

Science has calculated that an average puff of cigar smoke sets free over 20,000,000 tiny particles, a whiff from a pipe liberates over 1,800,000 of these particles, and one from a cigarette starts 2,900,000,000 of them flying through the surrounding atmosphere.

During the tremendous excitement of the gold discovery in California, the greatest production in the United States was \$65,000,000 per annum. The regular gold production of the country is now greater than that, and it is annually increasing about ten per cent.

A Washington man has designed a combination cane and umbrella which comprises a hollow tube with internal screw-threads at each end, with the central rod of the umbrella carrying screw-threaded sleeves which can be fitted in the ends of the tube to hold the latter over the umbrella.

Among the fineries belonging to Queen Margherita of Italy is a lace handkerchief valued at \$30,000. Three lace-makers were employed twenty years in making it; it is almost as light as a cobweb, and occupies so small a space when folded that it can be pressed into a gold sheath about the size of a cherry pit.

It has long been regarded as a curious fact that lightning has a preference for certain trees, giving first choice to the oak, and seldom touching the laurel. During the last score of years the subject has been made one of systematic investigation in a German forest. In the district under observation every 100 trees includes an average of about seventy beeches, eleven oaks, thirteen pines, and six firs; yet in the years 1879 to 1890, lightning struck fifty-six oaks, three or four pines, twenty or twenty-one firs, but not a single laurel tree.

The midget of the whole tree family is the Greenland birch. It is a perfect tree in every sense, and lives its allotted number of years, from seventy-five to 130, just as other species of the great birch family do, although its height under the most favorable conditions seldom exceeds ten inches. Whole bluffs of the east and southeast coast of Greenland are covered with "thickets" of this diminutive species of woody plant, and in many places where the soil is uncommonly poor, and frozen from eight to ten months of the year, a "forest" of these trees will flourish for half a century without growing to a height exceeding four inches.

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FULL VALUES.

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**Most Complete Assortment in
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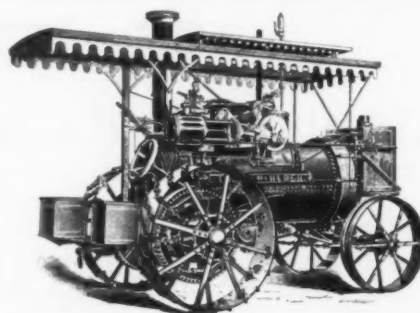
T. H. SHEVLIN, President.
E. L. CARPENTER, Secretary.
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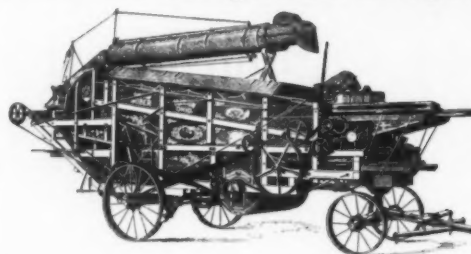
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Our new HUBER WIND-STACKER is the only really successful Blower yet produced. It handles all the straw that comes to it, never clogs, and is the lightest running, simplest and best thrasher made.

OUR SWINGING STACKER

attached to Separator leads all others, and our regular FOLDING STACKER MACHINE gives better satisfaction than any other sold in the Northwest. It threshes faster, runs lighter; threshes, separates and cleans all kinds of grain better, and is positively the best Flax Thresher sold.

Full Lines of Simple and Compound Engines,

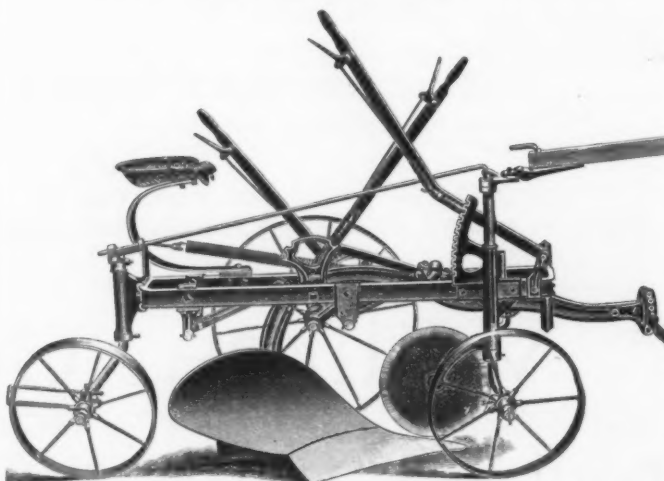


Threshers,
Self Feeders,
Weighers,
Baggers, etc.,

and a large stock of REPAIRS always on hand at our Minneapolis Warehouse.

OUR NEW MONITOR High-Lift SULKY PLOW.

HAS ALL THE UP-TO-DATE FEATURES.

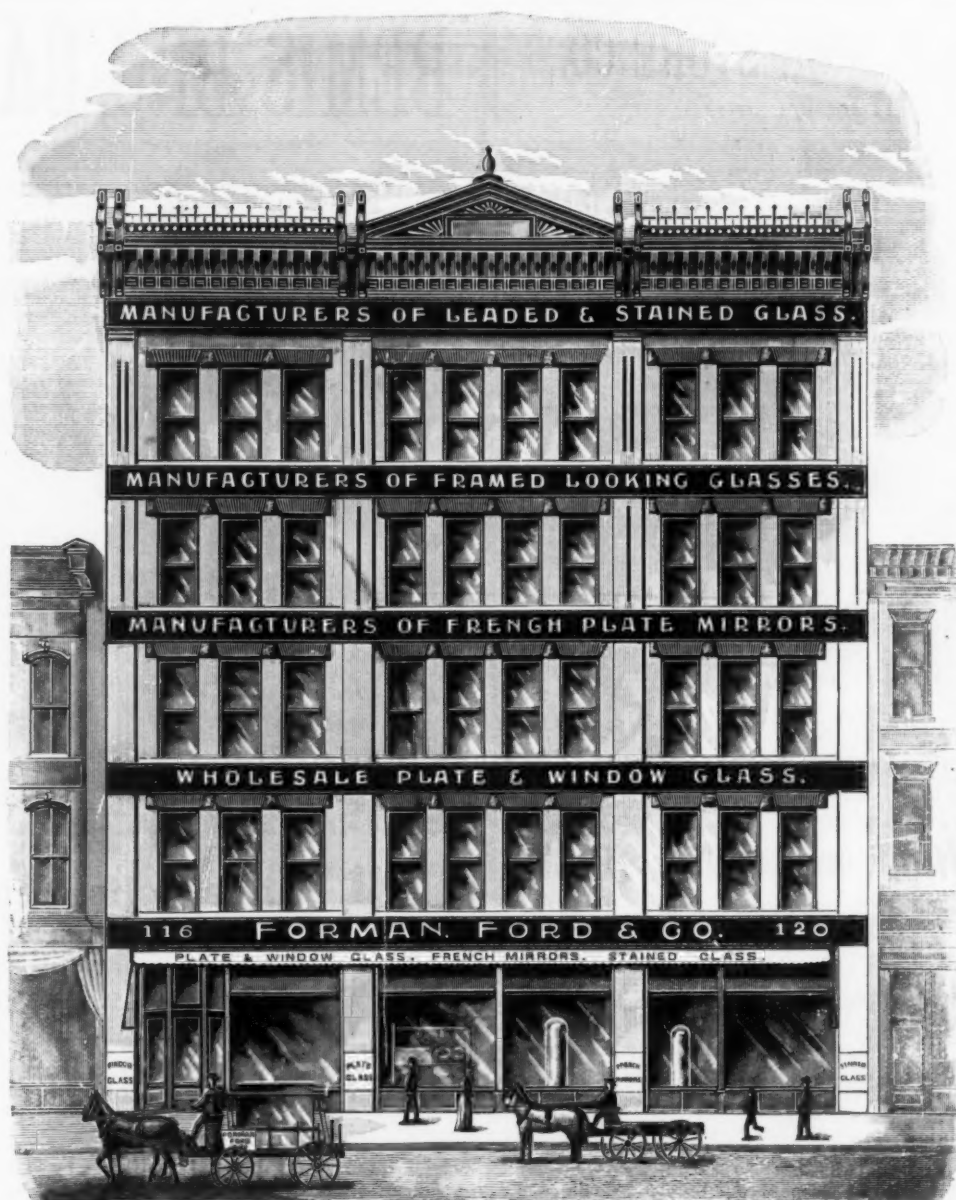


**Strong and Durable,
Light Draft, High Lift,
Easy to Handle.**

MINNEAPOLIS PLOW WORKS,

Minneapolis,

Minnesota.



Wholesale PLATE and WINDOW GLASS, MIRRORS and PAINTS.

Northwestern Distributors of JNO. W. MASURY & SON'S Colors in Oil and Ready-mixed LIQUID PAINTS.

One good, live Agent wanted in every town.

FORMAN, FORD & CO.,

116, 118, 120 Washington Ave. South,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

There are many

Cool Retreats

ON THE LINE

or reached VIA THE

DIRECT LINE
to
ALL POINTS WEST



Solid
Festibuled Trains
Daily.

You will find Fishing
in

Rocky Mountain Streams,
Hunting in Wyoming,
Curative Waters in
Hot Springs, Idaho.

For time-tables, folders, illustrated books, pamphlets,
descriptive of the territory traversed, call on your
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H. F. CARTER, Trav. Pass. Agt.,
376 Robert Street, ST. PAUL, MINN.

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MINNEAPOLIS IRON STORE CO.,*Jobbers and Manufacturers*

(WAREHOUSE.)

HEAVY HARDWARE and WAGON STOCK.204 206 208 & 210 Second Street North,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.**BEMIS BRO. BAG CO.,**

BAGS

612,
614
616

BAGS



BAGS

Fourth
St.
South,

BAGS

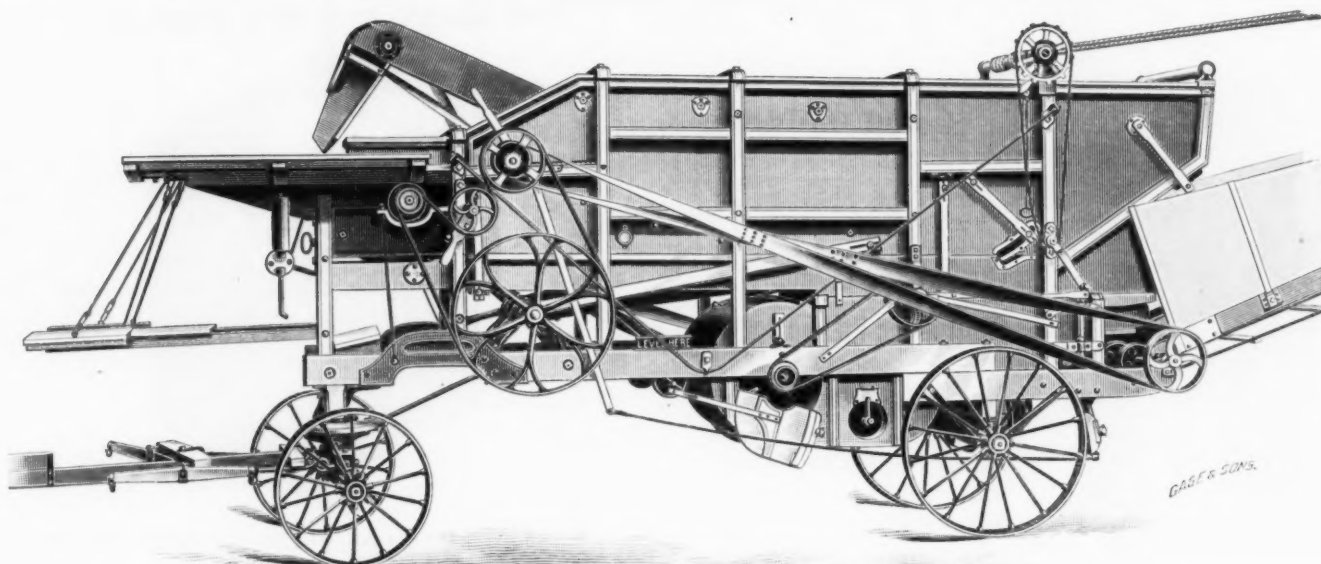
Minneapolis, Minn.**Advance Thresher Company.**
Factory at Battle Creek, Michigan.**A. W. WRIGHT, President.****S. O. BUSH, Vice-President.****B. T. SKINNER, Treasurer.****JAS. GREEN, General Superintendent.****MINARD LAFEVER, Mechanical Supt.****GENERAL NORTHWESTERN BRANCH OFFICE MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

From this house is sold more dollars' worth of threshing machinery than from any one branch office or jobbing house in the world.
If interested, send for catalogue, which will be mailed you free.

WALTER GREGORY, Manager.**322-324-326 Third Ave. North, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.****of the Advance Thresher Co.****GENERAL NORTHWESTERN BRANCH OFFICE**

THIS CUT REPRESENTS THE

NICHOLS & SHEPARD COMPANY,



THRESHING MACHINERY.

Factory, Battle Creek, Mich.

MINNEAPOLIS BRANCH: 218, 220 & 222 Washington Ave. North.

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Manufacturers of

Upholstered Furniture.



Elgth and Central, or Monroe and Lyndale,
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Street car direct to door.

All buyers interested in this line of goods should not fail to call and see the **LARGEST and FINEST display of PARLOR FURNITURE** in the West.

—STRICTLY WHOLESALE.—

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BROCKMANN CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

Harness and
Saddlery
Goods.

15, 17 & 19 Third Street North,

MINNEAPOLIS,

MINN.

Send for our Harness Catalogue No. 66,
and our Winter Goods Catalogue No. 68.



The
**MUNSING
UNDERWEAR**

—FOR—

**Men, Women
and Children.**

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UNEQUALED FOR

**Comfort and Durability.
Faultless in Fit and Finish.**

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Why pay fancy prices when
the most satisfactory Under-
wear made can be obtained
for the following

REASONABLE PRICES:

Men's Suits at - \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.75, \$4.50
Ladies' Suits at - 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50
Children's Suits at .50, .75, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00

SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

and by return mail you will receive illustrated booklet, fabric card, etc.

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING CO.,

719 Third Avenue North, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**DEAN & CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**



Office and Warehouse, 300 Washington Ave. North.

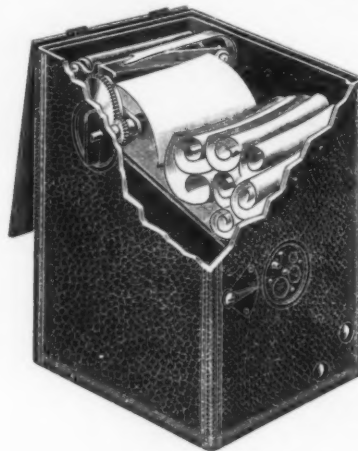
**Old Hickory and Dean Wagons,
Superior Drill and Seeders,
Scientific Feed Mill,
IXL and Dean Wind Mill,
Buggies, Cutters and Bobs.**

**P. & O. Co. Canton Plows, National Fire-proof Safes,
Ohio Feed Cutters, Pumps, Pipes & Fittings,
Scales, Bicycles, Binder Twine.**

THE CLIPPER FILM CAMERA

Embodies the most ingenious Photographic Device of the Age.

"TURNING THE KEY DOES IT."



The film is automatically cut off exact size; gives full picture to extreme edge.

There is no possibility of cutting the film at the wrong place.

At the will of the operator, one, two or any number of exposed films can be cut from the roll separately or in one strip.

No extra parts are necessary with the CLIPPER—it is complete.

With the use of a Clipper Panoramic Tripod, a panoramic view is readily obtained. Complete Instruction Book with each Camera.

Made only in one size, 4 x 5. Price, \$15.00.

Manufactured by

CLIPPER CAMERA MFG. CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE MATTER, FREE.



A. S. BAKER, President.

C. P. SILLOWAY, Treas. and Mgr.

J. W. OSBORN, Gen. Tran. Agt.

NORTHWESTERN WIND ENGINE CO.

**MONITOR
Geared and Pumping
Wind Mills.**

**Pumps, Tanks,
Pipe and Fittings,
Feed Mills, Wood Saws,
Wind Mill Supplies.**

108-114 Third Avenue North,

MINNEAPOLIS,

MINNESOTA.

W. S. Nott Company,

200-206 First Ave. S.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA,

Makers of

LEATHER BELTING,

Rubber and Cotton Belting,
Rubber and Cotton Jacket Rubber-Lined Hose,
Packings, Valves, etc.

Exclusive Jobbers of

Star Brand Mackintoshes,
Star Brand Pure Gum Rubbers and Overshoes,
Candee, Federal and Rhode Island Brands
RUBBER-FOOTWEAR.

Sole Agents

Carey's Magnesia Asphalt Cement Roofing,
Asbestos Pipe and Boiler Covering.



The Northwestern Life Association of Minneapolis.

Incorporated 1885.

PLAIN
POLICIES,

PHENOMENALLY
POPULAR,

PURE
PROTECTION,

PROMPT
PAYMENT,

PERFECT
PLAN.

Annual Statements

At close of Business for the Years ending Dec. 31, 1897, and Dec. 31, 1898:

RESOURCES.	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 31, 1898.
Cash on hand and in banks, -	\$110,311.26	\$ 99,007.25
Loans on mortgages (first), -	50,133.99	100,669.00
Loans secured by pledge of stock, -	5,800.00	None
Real Estate, -	15,463.92	15,463.92
Value of stocks owned by Association, -	23,101.00	28,351.00
Bills receivable, -	1,091.58	None
Ledger balances, -	12,812.97	15,002.18
Premiums in course of collection, -	33,060.71	35,497.26
Interest due and accrued, -	1,273.56	2,127.03
All other items, -	6,010.71	5,000.00
Total - - - -	\$259,059.70	\$130,117.64

LIABILITIES.	Dec. 31, 1897.	Dec. 31, 1898.
Losses due and unpaid, - - -	None	None
Number of policies in force, - -	11,301	12,276
Insurance in force, - - -	\$15,393,200.00	\$16,751,850.00
Death losses paid 1898, - - -	-	\$107,742.10
Total paid policy holders, - - -	-	\$894,875.12

Pleasant, Profitable, Progressive Employment Furnished to Capable Men.

Dr. J. F. FORCE, President.

WALLACE CAMPBELL, Vice-Pres.

JAMES QUIRK, Treas.

C. E. FORCE, Sec.

PATRONIZE HOME INSTITUTIONS.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The Deacon's Proposal.

On the train, one of the very hot days that we have been enjoying lately, The Ilwaco (Wash.) Journal says, a traveling man, whose name we will keep secret, put a big bottle of whisky in the water-tank to cool. Pretty soon one of the train hands came along and dropped a chunk of ice into the tank, smashing the bottle. The day happened to be an unusually hot one, and the passengers kept coming to the tank and drinking freely. They expressed themselves as being delighted with the magnificent water the company furnished—they actually grew hilarious. Finally a deacon, who had taken on several quarts, staggered to his feet and said:

"That washer beats anything we've got to hum, an' bretheren, I propose thash we shay on this car to the lash drop."

A Cure for Asthma.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 99 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from asthma, consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Manufacturers and Settlers

will find extraordinary inducements for location in Northern Wisconsin. There are plenty of fine lands for farming, as well as large beds of clay, kaolin and marl, together with fine hardwood timber, for manufacturing purposes. Northern Wisconsin is easily reached via finely equipped modern trains running daily between Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, via Wisconsin Central lines.

Pamphlets and complete information can be obtained by writing W. H. Killen, Deputy Land and Industrial Commissioner, Colby & Abbot Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis., or Jas. C. Pond, G. P. A., Milwaukee, Wis.

Mothers.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

New Maps.

New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000 address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.

You Won't Have to Buy 'Em,

if you go shooting on the Soo Line. Chickens and ducks are plentiful at almost any point west of Twin Cities, and larger game East. Write for Hunting Booklet. W. E. Callaway, G. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE
66
CONTINENTAL LIMITED
NEW FAST TRAIN **EAST**
VIA THE **WABASH**

MAGNIFICENT THROUGH TRAIN-DINING CARS.

The only line running FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS
Chicago to Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York without change.
Leaving Chicago 3:15 p. m. and 11:30 p. m. daily for
Detroit, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

TICKET OFFICE:
37 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

F. A. PALMER, or G. J. LOVELL,
A. G. P. A., Chicago, Ill. N. W. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

ARRIVES

Detroit 8:10 p. m.
same day.
Niagara Falls 4:20
a. m. next day.
Buffalo 5:00 a. m.
next day.
New York 3:30 p. m.
next day.
Boston 5:50 p. m.
next day.

Pabst
Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

WEAKNESS AND FATIGUE OWN
UP TO ITS MASTERING POWER.

RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S
CELEBRATED
INDEXED POCKET MAPS
—OF—
Every State and Territory. Revised to Date
PRICE 25 CENTS EACH.
For sale everywhere.
RAND, McNALLY & CO., Publishers,
CHICAGO and NEW YORK



THE
FORT SNELLING HOTEL,
situated on the bank of the Mississippi River at Fort
Snelling Bridge, on West Seventh Street, ST. PAUL,
is a
Charming Summer Resort
that affords grateful rest and excellent refreshments
for ladies and gentlemen alike.
Special Attention Given to Cyclists.
First-class meals and luncheons, ice-cream, soda-
water, and all seasonable fruits. Cosy private rooms,
if desired.
SPECIAL—We have a fine 20-acre park, cool and shady,
suitable for picnic parties.
GEO. T. HARRIS, Proprietor.



THE WALDORF, FARGO, N. D.
SAM MATHEWS, Proprietor. Rates, \$2 to \$3 per day.

RAILROAD TICKETS
BOUGHT and SOLD.
CORBETT'S CUT RATE OFFICE,
193 East Third Street,
Telephone 1430-3. Near Union Depot,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Invested in a Postal Card
will bring you our NEW
Catalogue FREE of Charge.
Two U. S. Patents:
New Felton Foot & Slip Socket.
Address: **DOERFLINGER**
ARTIFICIAL LIMB CO.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

PROF. I. HUBERT'S
MALVINA CREAM
For Beautifying the Complexion.
Removes all freckles, tan, sunburn, pimples, liver
moles and other imperfections. Not covering but removing
all blemishes and permanently restoring the complexion
to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists or
sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use
MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP Prof. I. Hubert
25 Cents a Cake. TOLEDO, O.

READERS

wishing to communicate with any line of business
not represented in the advertising columns of
this magazine can do so by addressing
The Northwest Magazine, Business Department,
St. Paul, Minn.

DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

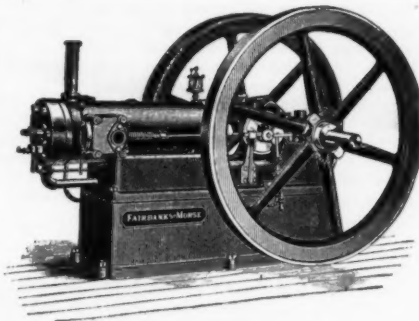
REPRESENTATIVE NORTHWESTERN JOBBERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

A. H. LINDEKE. R. WARNER. T. L. SCHURMEIER.

LINDEKE, WARNER & SCHURMEIER, Wholesale DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.

Cor. Fourth and Sibley Streets,

ST. PAUL, . . . MINNESOTA.



FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.,
ST. PAUL, MINN.
Fairbanks-Morse Gas and Gasoline Engines,
Fairbanks' Standard Scales,
Fairbanks' Galvanized Steel Wind-Mills
and Galvanized Steel Towers.
Railway and Contractors' Supplies.

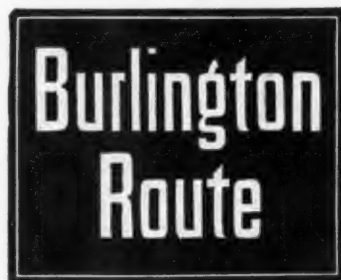
NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, Importers and Wholesale DRUGGISTS,

Jobbers in

Paints, Oils, Glass, Chemicals, etc.,

SAINT PAUL,

400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410 SIBLEY ST., COR. 6TH.



SLEEPING CARS

—HAVE—

An Electric Lamp

—IN—

Every Berth.

The Northwest Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

Its readers are found on the farms and in the stores, shops, homes and offices of nearly every town, township and county in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Iowa, the two Dakotas, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and even in Manitoba, Ontario and British Columbia. All industries and all developments are treated and illustrated fully and fairly in its columns. Mining, lumbering, milling, farming and ranch life, hop culture, fruit raising, dairying, railway enterprise, and all other Northwestern interests, receive special attention.

Interesting contributions of a lighter nature are also found in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. Every number contains stories and sketches; descriptive articles on mines, mountains and forests; on lakes, rivers and coastlines, and on all the diverse phases of Western life and experience. All this matter comes from Western authors and is tinged with Western thought and sentiment.

Its Literary Excellence commends it to
New and to Old Subscribers.

\$2.00 a year. \$1.00 for six months.

Published at St. Paul, Minn.



Established 1863.

A. L. EGE,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

Billiard, Pool Tables and Bowling Goods,
and Importer ofIvory Balls, Billiard Cloth, Cues, Tips, etc.
Altering done. Send for catalogue.

220 East 7th St., - St. Paul, Minn.

SEABURY & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers

and Importers,

193 to 199 E. 3d St., Cor. Sibley,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

BRAMBLETT & BEYGEH,

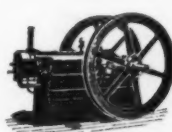
Engravers.

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ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

"THE IMPERIAL LIMITED."

Daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to all North Pacific Coast Points. Fast time. Excellent equipment. Through tourist sleeper to Seattle, Wash. First-class tickets on "The Imperial Limited" may be routed via. Crow's Nest Pass route through the Kootenay country. Write for literature. W. R. Callaway, General Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.



The Crane & Ordway ..Co..

MANUFACTURERS OF

Iron Pipe, Brass Goods, Fittings, Etc.,

For Steam, Gas, Water
and Plumbing Supplies.Iron, Wooden and Steam Pumps, Windmills and Well
Machinery, Belting, Hose and Packing, Water-
works Supplies and Gasoline Engines.Main Office, 248, 250, 252 East Fourth Street,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL Jobbers all sell

WHITE CROSS

Macaroni, Vermicelli, Spaghetti,

The only Macaroni made in Minnesota (the land of
No. 1 hard). Also

White Cross Farina in 1 lb. Packages.



Manufactured by

Italian Macaroni & Vermicelli Co.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Sole Eyes Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

\$2

THE ONLY PERFECT IRON ON THE MARKET

Price includes 3 cores, one hood and handle combined and an asbestos-lined hood.

HOOD is nickel-plated, asbestos-lined, protruding base. Asbestos protects the iron from being radiated outward or upward. Asbestos is the supreme non-conductor of heat. This hood is always clean and bright and will not soil clothes as it is removed from iron when upon the stove.

ASBESTOS SADDLE IRON

Core is of solid iron with highly polished, nickel-plated bottom and base, and has the correct weight to smooth the iron with a single effort. Send for free circular matter. Do not compare this iron with ordinary sad iron. Send \$2. ASBESTOS SADDLE IRON CO., Sole manufacturers, STOUGHTON, WIS.

MAKES IRONING ARTISTIC WORK INSTEAD OF DRUDGERY.

YOU WILL WONDER HOW YOU GOT ALONG WITHOUT IT!

Handle and shield are attached to the hood. The air space between shield and hood in connection with made asbestos lining of hood keeps handle absolutely cool.

Lower latch allows to right or left. It is made of highest grade spring steel and unlocks at center.

SPACE WITHOUT IT!



HE WAS THE FIRST MAN THERE.

W. P. Hussey, vice-president of the Standard Dry Kiln Company, of Indianapolis, Ind., while on his recent visit to the Pacific Coast had occasion to visit Vancouver, B. C., and while there was entertained by friends with whom he had business dealings. Sitting in a hotel at Vancouver one evening, with several of his Canadian friends, he was annoyed by several young men, enthusiastic Americans, who were talking loudly and doing the spread-eagle act in a very conspicuous manner. Turning to one of his companions, Mr. Hussey said:

"I'm a good, loyal American, and think that Uncle Sam is about the best man on earth, but when I'm in Rome I believe in doing as the Romans do. I never go about the country carrying a chip on my shoulder."

The Canadian smiled, and, being a good fellow himself, proceeded to tell a story. He said that in Vancouver at one time was a young American who was a fine fellow, a good companion, bright, and made a lot of friends. He dined about with his friends and was always the life of the party until he would, as he invariably did, get to the point where he must talk about his country. His boasting proved in time quite offensive to his companions, and they held a caucus to determine what they had best do with him, in a quiet manner, so as not to wound his feelings.



THE RETORT PRACTICAL.

Hostess (to five-year-old guest)—"Does your father say grace before dinner, Margie?"

Margie—"I don't know. What's grace?"

"Why, saying grace is returning thanks for what we have to eat."

"Well, my pa doesn't have to. He always pays cash for everything we have."

"He was all right, but the boys became weary of him and his continual shouting for his flag," said the Canadian.

After the caucus was held, the young American was sought out and invited to dinner. There wine flowed like water, and in due time the American was carried out quite unconscious; but he wore a heavenly smile on his face, and his mouth was puckered for a cheer for Uncle Sam, ready to shout it out when he woke up. They took him down to an undertaking shop, and placed him on his back in a coffin. They put a candle at his head and another at his feet, and then withdrew to watch developments.

There were coffins all about, and, altogether, it was a most gruesome place for an intoxicated man to sober up in. Half an hour rolled round, and the coffin being tight and the position uncomfortable, the young fellow groaned a few times, tried to roll over, and finally pulled himself to a sitting posture. He blinked at the candles, dug his unwieldy palm into his eyes, and then took in the situation. He reached out, felt of the coffins nearest him, and then slowly looked about the room. All the coffins were closed, except the one he was in. He pinched himself, to make sure that even he was there. He reflected for fully a minute, and then drew one leg out of the coffin, braced himself, and, with a determined scowl, said:

"Zish looks like—hic—cemetery!"

With another careful look around, he said:

"Zish is cemetery; an'—hic—I'm only man here."

After a determined effort to get his other leg out, and failing, he thought once more, and finally his sluggish, befuddled brain seemed to determine his status, for he ejaculated:

"Bet you zish is resurrection—hic—morn', an' I'm first man here. 'Rah fer 'Merica!"

The Canadian told Mr. Hussey that after that the people in Vancouver quit trying to get the Americans to cease yelling for their country; they know it is a hopeless task.—*Seattle (Wash.) Lumber Trade Journal.*

SOME LEGAL REMINISCENCES.

"The most peculiar lawsuit in which I was ever engaged," said Judge Flandrau to a Stillwater (Minn.) *Gazette* man, the other day, "was over a cat. You know, in the early days cats were very scarce in these parts, and those who were so fortunate as to possess them valued them highly. Well, there was a fellow, near where Mankato now is, who had a cat of which he was very fond, and some one stole it. After a time he heard of a fellow sixteen miles away who had a cat with a family of kittens, and he drove out and bought one of the kittens for \$2. Later he learned that the mother of the kittens was none other than the cat which had been stolen from him, so he brought an action in replevin, and had the sheriff go out and seize the cat and kittens and bring them into town. Then he employed me to fight the case for him, and we had a very interesting lawsuit; for, although the other fellow admitted that the cat belonged to my client, he contended that the kittens rightfully belonged to himself, and my client had never possessed them. We finally won our case, however.

Classified Directory of Northwestern Business Concerns.

The following are well-known firms of established character in their respective lines of business:

Corsets.

Dr. Burn's CORSETS, WAISTS AND ABDOMINAL BANDS. Send postal for order blank to MRS. HILL, Manufacturer, 650-656-625 Syndicate Arcade, Minneapolis, Minn. St. Paul, 318 Wabasha St. Tel. 2487, call 2. Agents wanted.

Foundry and Machine Works.

SOUTH PARK FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO., Gate Valves, Fire Hydrants, Water Pipe specialties, Flange Pipe, Flange Specials, Columns, Beams, etc. 11 GILFILLAN BLOCK, ST. PAUL. Works, South Park.

Furniture Manufacturers.

ST. PAUL FURNITURE CO., Designers and Manufacturers BANK, STORE, CHURCH and HOUSE FURNITURE, St. Paul, Minn.

Monuments.

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES in all varieties of Marble and Granite, executed to order and designed after the most artistic models. Rates the very lowest. JOSEPH HEBERLE, 159 W. Third St., St. Paul, Minn.

Steam and Hot Water Heaters.

ROBERTS-GOSS CO., Steam and Hot Water Heaters, MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS, 357 Rosabel St., ST. PAUL, MINN. Telephone 731.

Trunks, Traveling Bags, Etc.

J. M. BACH & BRO., Manufacturers of Trunks and Traveling Bags. Sample work a specialty. Send for catalogue. 365 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.

GET THE BEST

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements and be led to think you can get the best made, finest finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing, you will then get a Sewing Machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is



Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

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One of the features of the Salvation Army's night street services is the singing of a diversified repertoire of songs, many of the gospel hymns being set to the airs of the day, in order to strike a popular chord, states the Minneapolis Times. But it remained for a somewhat intoxicated individual in front of a Washington Avenue saloon, a few evenings ago, to give a detachment of the army a lesson in patriotism as exemplified in the singing of national airs.

When the collection is taken, it is seldom that any considerable amount is dropped into the inverted tambourine. So, when the interested party in question dropped in \$2, at the same time imposing the condition that he be allowed to act as musical director for a few minutes, the leader was only too glad to humor him, notwithstanding his condition.

To begin with he had the "lads and lassies" sing several of the "songs you hear every day." Then he branched off onto gospel hymns, and after he had got his money's worth in that respect, he asked, as a grand finale, that "America" be sung.

That was where he "had them going." A doubtful look settled down over the face of the leader, but he determined to make the attempt. He started out with:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

He got a feeble response, and then his memory failed him. No one else knew enough of the song to prompt him, and he had to stop.

"If you can't sing 'America,' then you haven't lived up to your contract. Give me back my money," demanded the impromptu director, and the leader had to refund.

Then the director threw out his chest, lifted up his voice, and sang the song through, verse by verse.

The army will probably learn "America."

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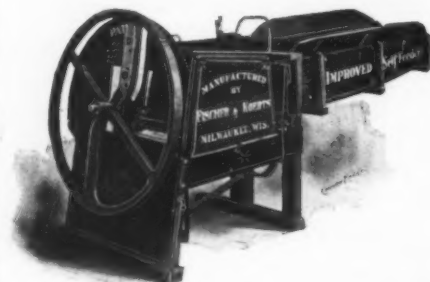
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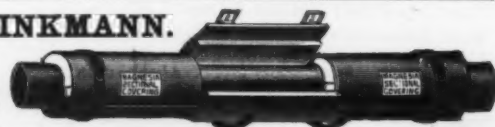
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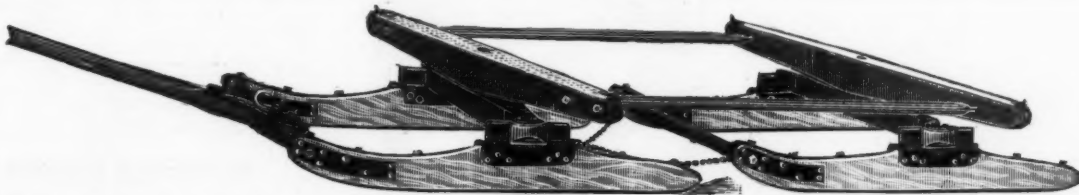
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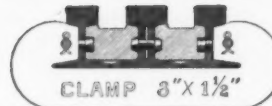


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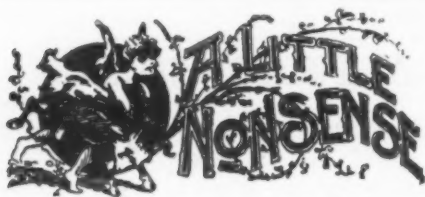
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A boy who had read of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.

Tom—"After all, what are kisses good for?"
Kitty (demurely)—"Well, sir, I always supposed that they were worth their face value."

"Human nature is weak," said Uncle Eben. "When you tell Satan to get behind you and he does it, you immediately have a great temptation to rubberneck."

Johnny—"Pa, teacher says it is wicked to tell a lie. You never told a lie, did you, pa?"
Pa—"My son, I am very busy; go play with sister."

Saxon Tourist (at Irish railway station)—"What time does the half-past eleven train start, Paddy?"
Porter—"At thirty minutes to twelve, sharrup, sor."

A Western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, said:
"It is such kindnesses as these that brings tears to our eyes."

He—"Be mine, darling! You are the lamp that alone can light my existence."
She—"Yes, dear; but papa doesn't think you are a good match for me!"

Tumpman—"I hear that you are building a new house?"
Snodgrass—"Yes; that's so. I couldn't very well build an old one, could I?"

"Is the cashier out?" he asked, as he looked around.
"No," replied the president, as he glanced up from an examination of the books; "the cashier is not out; it's the bank that's out."

"Why don't you literary men get rich?" asked a lady of a Bohemian.
"I don't know," he replied, "unless it is because gold and sense never go together."

"I hope I see you well," he said fluently to the old farmer leaning on his hoe.
"I hope you do," was the unexpected answer; "but if you don't see me well, young man, put on specs."

Casey—"Doolan offered to prove to me in black an' white that Ol war a fool."
Clancy—"Phwat happened thin?"
Casey—"Ol proved to him in black an' blue thot he war a liar."

"It's a shame," said the summer boarder, "for you to waste so much land on that pig-pen, when you might turn it into a beautiful lawn."
"Nay," replied the farmer, who knew his business. "The pen is mightier than the sward."

Clerk—"Lady been here this morning, sir, complainin' about some goods we sent her."
Employer—"Who was she?"
Clerk—"I quite forgot to ask her name, sir, but she's a little woman—with a full-sized tongue!"

"Will you trust me, Fanny?" he cried, passionately grasping her hand.
"With all my heart, Augustus, with all my soul, with all myself," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom.
"Would to goodness you were my tailor!" he murmured to himself, as he took her tenderly in his arms.

"Faugh! he is of se canaille! I hate heem. Louee, hear-r-r-me—I vill smash hees hat!"
"No, Henri; do not do eet. Zey vill send you to ze prison for four-r-r years!"
"Ah, zen I vill smash a hat zat ees like hees!"

'Rastus (soliloquizing)—"Dis am a fine, fat pullet, an' dey's mor' whar hit come frum, too."
Village Constable (from a shadow)—"And where did it come from?"
'Rastus—"Er—um—from an alg, sah; from an alg."

Mr. Wickwire—"What is that woman across the road trying to sing?"
Mrs. Wickwire—"My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."
Mr. Wickwire—"Well, if he doesn't hear her, it isn't her fault."

Fond Mother—"I am out of all patience with you, Jack. I should just like to know why George Jones is always at the head of his class, while you are always at the foot!"
Jack—"You forget, mother, that George has very clever parents."

Stubb—"Miss Shodleigh showed me some rare paintings the other day."
Penn—"What do you think of them?"
Stubb—"Well, they remind me of a rare beefsteak."
Penn—"In what way?"
Stubb—"Not very well done."

First Kid—"Wot made yer mother wollop yer, Jimmy?"

Second Kid—"Wen the minister was there to dinner he sed I might ask him any question I pleased; so, ses I, 'If Nero fiddled when Rome was burnin', who in hell fiddled when Nero was burnin'?' An' ma sed it was swearin'; but it worn't."



STRICTLY A BUSINESS MAN.

"Sir, you have insulted me, and I demand that you take back those words!"
"Take back! take back! I make it a beezness brinclub nefer to take back anything!"

Dix—"I understand that Winding, the attorney, is seriously ill."
Hix—"Yes; I met his physician this morning, and he says he is lying at death's door."
Dix—"Just like him, by gad! He'd lie anywhere you put him."

Terrence (with the hod)—"Yer not working, Dinnie. Are yez out of a job?"
Dennis—"Shure, Ol fell off a nine-shtory buildin' yisterday, an' Ol got mad an' quit."
Terrence—"Aw, go on! Yer too sensitive."

From Greenland's icy mountains,
How would I like to feel
A breath of wintry fountains
Along my backbone steal.
The coral strand of Indus
The other folks may seize,
But as for me, oh give us
A bit of Klondike breeze.

The Deacon (seated at a card-table)—"Brudder Jones, ah doan wish fer to be pussenel, but de gemmen wat cheats in dis heah game must remembuh dat he's got ter settle wif de Lord."

Brudder Jones (indignantly)—"An' de gemmen wat doan' cheat, he's got ter settle wif de deacon."

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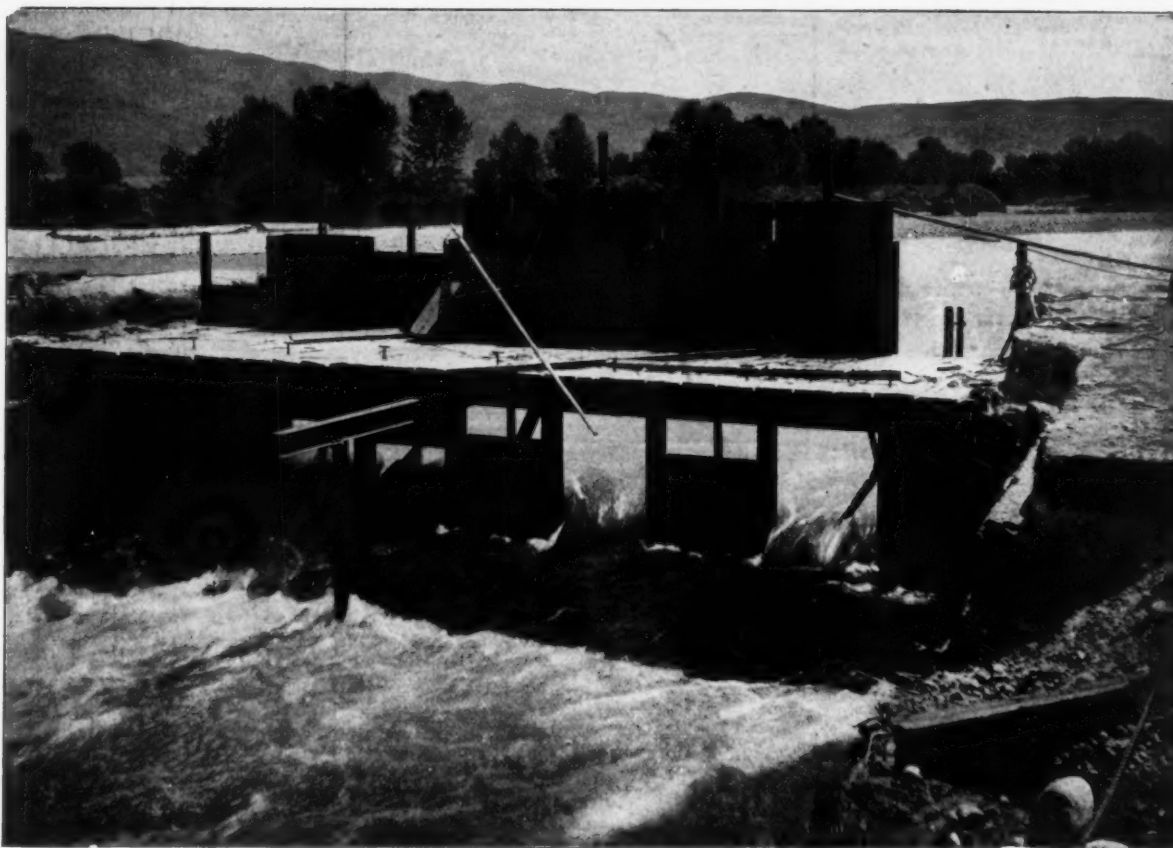
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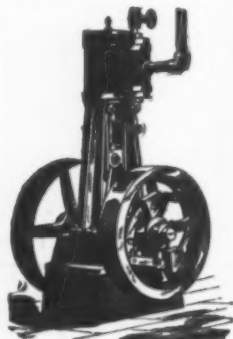
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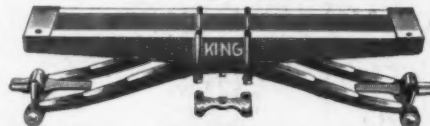
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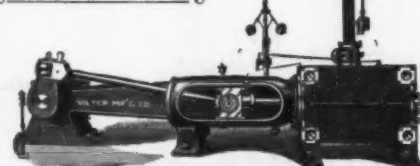
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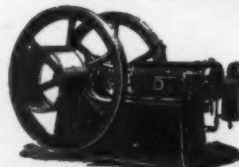


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